

The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 33.—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. E. CHIPP'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Will you permit me to correct an error which I overlooked in reading the proofs of the article which you have printed in your number for last Saturday. It occurs in the first column of page 423, line 20. "On Friday the 26th January (a day after the publication of the letter signed 'Truth')."—It should be "A few days after." I do not know how the mistake occurred, but in the hurry of reading such a quantity of matter it escaped me. I am, Sir, yours obliged,

Royal Panopticon, July 9th, 1855.

EDMUND T. CHIPP.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY AND THE BALLOT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In the prospectus summoning the members of the Philharmonic Society to the general meeting on Monday last, in accordance with its existing laws, it was stated that a ballot would take place; and the names of the candidates eligible for election to fill up the three vacancies amongst the members occasioned by the deaths of Sir Henry Bishop, Messrs. Lindley, and Blackburne, were printed; the names of the candidates for admission as associates were also published.

Can any one explain upon what grounds the ballot was not permitted to take place in the manner provided for by the existing regulations?

I would ask what possible advantage can accrue to the society by keeping open the vacancies for an indefinite period, thereby depriving the society of three members; and what arguments could have weighed with the members to have induced them to sanction so irregular a proceeding?

Surely until new laws are framed, and accepted by the members of a society at a general meeting called for the purpose, the old ones remain in force, and should govern its proceedings.

Under the existing laws I—and others—eligible for election, should have been ballotted for on Monday last.

Feeling that an unprecedented act of injustice has been done to myself in common with those gentlemen whose names appeared with mine in the prospectus referred to, I cannot remain silent on the subject.

I have been twenty years an associate of the Philharmonic Society, and I have waited patiently to attain the position I at length occupy at the head of the list of candidates, and I am now informed that my election is suspended for an indefinite period,—until new laws are made which may affect my position materially. I would put it to the good sense and feeling of the members if this is just? And again I ask why my election is suspended? I leave my case in the hands of my three recommenders, to whom I cannot consider the suspension of my election complimentary.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES SALAMAN.

36, Baker-street, Portman-square,
July 11th, 1855.

MIDDLE JENNY BAUER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Having just seen your notice of Master Werner's concert on June 30th, I beg to inform you that you omitted to mention that Middle Jenny Bauer was also encored in a song composed by Mr. Goldberg. I should feel obliged to you if you would notice it in your next number.—Yours obediently,

July 12th.

28

JUSTICE.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

PART I.

OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 439.)

We have seen the frivolous operatic melody—that is to say, the operatic melody freed from all real connection with the words of the poetic text—pregnant with the adoption of the national ballad tune, assume even the appearance of historical characteristic. We have further observed that, while the characteristic individuality of the principal active personages in the musical drama continued to disappear more and more, the character of the action was allotted to the surrounding—"emancipated"—masses, from whom it was to be thrown back, like a reflection, upon the principal dramatic personages. We have remarked that the stamp of anything like distinguishing, recognisable character could only be given to the surrounding masses by historical costume, and we have seen that the composer—in order to assert his supremacy—was, in turn, compelled to eclipse, by the most unusual employment of his purely musical expedients, the scene-painter and stage-tailor, to whom properly belongs the creation of historical characteristic. Lastly, we have seen how, from the most desperate tendency of instrumental music, the composer procured a kind of mosaic melody which afforded him, by its most arbitrary arrangements, the means of appearing, every instant—as often as he felt a wish to do so—strange and unusual—a course on which he believed he could, by the most wonderful employment of the orchestra, in a manner based upon purely material astonishment, set the seal of the most special characteristic.

We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that all this was still impossible without the co-operation of the poet, and we will, therefore, now turn to the examination of the most modern relation existing between the musician and that person.

The modern tendency of opera proceeded, most decidedly, through Rossini, from Italy, where the poet had sunk into a complete cypher. When the Rossinian tendency was transplanted to Paris, the position of the poet, also, was changed. We have already characterized the peculiarity of French opera, and acknowledged the amusing words of the couplet to be its very essence. In French comic opera, the poet formerly assigned only a particular field to the composer, which the latter had to cultivate for himself, while the poet retained the actual possession of the whole allotment. Though the musical portion of the ground had, according to the nature of the case, gradually increased, so as in time to engross the whole allotment, the title-deeds were still the poet's, and the musician was looked on as his tenant, who, it is true, regarded the entire fief as his own, but yet—as once in the Roman-German Empire—paid homage to the emperor as his liege lord. The poet granted and the musician enjoyed. It was in this state of affairs that the most healthy creations that could spring from opera, as a branch of the drama, were produced. The poet really took pains to invent situations and characters—to supply an amusing and interesting piece, which he only arranged for the musician and his forms, when it was finally carried out, so that the real

weakness of these French operatic poems consisted in the fact, that, from their purport, music was not, in most cases, absolutely necessary, rather than in their being at once swamped by it. This amusing, and often amiable and clever style, in which the very best results were produced, precisely whenever the music could be introduced naturally and unconstrainedly into the poem, was at home on the stage of the *Opéra Comique*. This style was translated by Scribe and Auber into the more pompous language of the so-called "Grand Opera." In *La Muette de Portici*, we can still recognise a well-planned theatrical piece, in which there is not, as yet, any strikingly evident intention of rendering the dramatic subservient to the purely musical interest; but the dramatic action is already, in this very poem, transferred in a very considerable degree, to the surrounding masses, so that the principal personages are almost rather the speaking representatives of the crowd, than persons acting from individual necessity. Thus loosely did the poet, on arriving at the imposing chaos of Grand Opera, let the reins hang down over the horses of the operatic coach, until he was destined to lose his hold of the said reins altogether! If the poet, in the case of *La Muette* and *Tell*, still retained the reins, because neither Weber nor Rossini thought of anything but making themselves very musically comfortable and melodiously easy in the splendid operatic coach—quite indifferent as to how or whither the coachman drove them—Meyerbeer, who was not possessed of such voluptuous melodic ease, felt impelled to snatch the reins from the coachman's hands, in order, by the zig-zag direction in which he drove, to create the necessary sensation, that he could not succeed in directing towards himself as long as he sat in the carriage with his own musical person alone.

It is only from detached anecdotes that we have learnt what a painfully tormenting influence Meyerbeer exercised upon his poet, Scribe, when the latter was plotting-out operatic subjects for him. If we were not to pay any attention to these anecdotes, and knew nothing of the secrets of the operatic consultations between Scribe and Meyerbeer, we yet could not avoid clearly seeing, from the poems produced, what burdensome and embarrassing constraint must have pressed on Scribe, generally so quick, and light, and working so skilfully, when he botched up the bombastic, *baroque* texts for Meyerbeer. While Scribe continued to write, for other operatic composers, lightly-flowing dramatic poems, frequently conceived in an interesting manner, and, at any rate, carried out with a great deal of natural skill, besides, at least, always possessing a decided action at bottom, and containing easily intelligible situations suited to it—this selfsame uncommonly experienced poet manufactured for Meyerbeer the most unhealthy bombast, the most stunted nonsense—separate acts without combined action, most absurdly confused situations, and most laughably grotesque characters. This could not occur in the natural order of things; a sober understanding like Scribe's does not lend itself so easily to the experiments of madness. Scribe must first have been rendered crazy himself before he could have produced a *Robert le Diable*; he must have been robbed of all healthy feeling for dramatic action before he exhibited himself, in *Les Huguenots*, as a mere compiler of scenic shades and contrasts; he must have been initiated into the mysteries of historical roguery before he could have been prevailed on to produce a *Prophète* of swindlers.

We here recognise a determining influence of the composer upon the poet, like that exercised by Weber on the poetess of his *Euryanthe*, but from what fundamentally different motives! Weber wanted to produce a drama that could, in all instances, be resolved, with every shade of scenic effect, into his noble, deeply-feeling melody:—Meyerbeer, on the contrary, wanted to have a monstrous, motley, historico-romantic, diabolico-religious, bigoted-voluptuous, frivolous-sacred, mysterious-brazen, sentimental-swindling, dramatic hodge-podge, in order to obtain matter for the invention of a monstrously clever style of music—but he could never succeed in really carrying out this wish, on account of the invincible stupidity of his peculiar musical nature. He felt that something never accomplished before was to be done with all the stores of the means of musical effect which he had hoarded up, supposing they were collected from every hole and corner, heaped up in irretrievable confusion, mixed with

stage powder and colophony, and then blown into the air with a tremendous explosion. What he, therefore, required of his poet was, to a certain extent, the *mise-en-scène* of Berlioz's orchestra, only—we must particularly remember—with its most humiliating abasement to the shallow basis of Rossini's vocal shakes and general stops—for the sake of the "dramatic" opera. The idea of working up, through the drama, all the musical elements of effect to anything like harmonic unity, must have struck him as being most faulty for his purpose, for Meyerbeer was no ideal enthusiast, but a man who regarded the modern operatic public with a practical eye, and saw that he would not have gained a single person to his cause by harmonic unity, while, by a loose hodge-podge he could not avoid pleasing all; each, namely, in his own particular way. Nothing, therefore, struck him as so important as a confused motley, and motley confusion; and the merry Scribe was compelled to sweat blood, and, with the most profound calculation, put together the dramatic jumble, before which the musician stood with cold-blooded care, turning over in his mind on what piece of unnaturalness some shred or other from his musical store-room might be fitted as glaringly and conspicuously as possible, in order to appear completely unusual—and, therefore, "characteristic."

It was thus that he developed in the eyes of our art-critics the capability of music for *historical characteristic*, and brought things to such a pitch, that it was said, as the most delicate flattery which could be paid him, that the texts of his operas were wretched and pitiable, "*but then what did his music make of the wretched stuff!*"—thus was the greatest triumph of music attained; the composer had completely ruined the poet, and the musician was crowned as the actually *real poet* upon the ruins of operatic poetry!

The secret of Meyerbeer's operatic music is—*effect*.* If we wish to explain what we mean, in this instance, by "effect," it is important that the reader should observe that we do not, when treating this subject, commonly use the word "result," although it lies readier to our hand. Our natural feeling represents the idea of "result," only in connection with a previous *motive* ; but when, as in the present case, we are involuntarily doubtful whether any such connection exists, or when we are actually advised that it does not, we look round in our embarrassment for a word that may to some extent convey the impression which we, for example, suppose we have received from Meyerbeer's pieces of music, and thus employ a foreign word, like this "effect," which does not stand in immediate proximity to our natural feeling. If we wish to convey more exactly the meaning we affix to the word, we must translate "effect" by "*result without a motive*."

Meyerbeer's music does, in fact, produce on those who are able to enjoy it a result without a motive. This miracle was only possible for the most external kind of music, that is to say, for a power of expression which (in opera) has, from the earliest period, been endeavouring to render itself more and more independent of anything worthy of expression, and proved that it had fully attained this independence by debasing the subject of the expression, which subject alone imparted to the latter being, proportion and justification, to such a depth of moral as well as artistic nothingness, that the subject itself could only obtain being, proportion and justification from an act of musical caprice, which act had thus itself become denuded of all real expression. The act itself could again only be realized in connection with other moments producing absolute results. In the most extreme specimens of instrumental music an appeal was made to the justifying power of the imagination, which found matter for outward musical support in a programme, or even only a title: in opera, however, this matter for support ought to be realised, that is to say, the imagination should be spared every laborious effort. What, in the former case, was introduced

* Herr Wagner here uses the word "Effect," as opposed to "Wirkung." Both, however, are generally employed for the English *effect*, so that the difference Herr Wagner makes in German is somewhat difficult of translation. We think, however, we have overcome it by rendering "Effect" *effect*, and "Wirkung" *result*.—TRANSLATOR.

programmatically from the phenomena of natural or human life, should, in the latter, be actually represented with most material reality, so as to produce a phantastic result without the least co-operation of the phantasy itself. The composer now borrowed this matter for material support from scenic mechanism itself, inasmuch as he took the results, which the latter was able to produce, purely for themselves, that is to say, he separated them from the subject, which, beyond the limits of mechanism, and standing upon the ground of life-representing poetry, would have been able to fix and justify them. We will make ourselves perfectly intelligible by an instance which characterises Meyerbeer's art generally in the most exhaustive manner.

Let us assume a poet to be inspired by a hero, a combatant for light and freedom, in whose breast there burns a powerful feeling of love for his dishonoured brethren, insulted in their most sacred rights. The poet wants to represent this hero at the height of his career, and in the midst of active glory. For this purpose, he selects the following decisive moment of history. Accompanied by the multitude who, leaving house and home, wife and child, have followed his inspiring summons, in order to conquer or to die in the struggle with powerful oppressors, the hero has arrived before a fortified city, which the crowd, inexperienced in war, must carry by storm, if the work of delivery is to progress victoriously. From previous misfortunes, a feeling of dejection has arisen; bad passions, dissension and confusion rage in the host; all is lost if all is not won this very day. Such a position is one in which heroes attain their fullest height. The poet makes the hero, who has just consulted, in nightly solitude, the god within him, the spirit of the purest love of man, and sanctified himself by his breath, appear, in the grey morning-light, among the crowd, who are already divided among themselves as to whether they shall be cowardly brutes or god-like heroes. The people assemble at his mighty voice, which penetrates into their very heart's core; and now become aware of the god within them, they feel elevated and ennobled, while their enthusiasm raises the hero still higher—from enthusiasm he pushes on to action. He seizes the flag and waves it high against the terrible walls of the city, the bulwark of the foe, who, as long as they remain safe behind their ramparts, render a better future impossible for mankind. "Up, then! death or victory! The city must be ours!" The poet has now exhausted himself; he wants, at present, to see expressed upon the stage the one moment when the highly excited state of mind of every person concerned shall appear before us with the most convincing reality; the stage must become the theatre of the world; nature must display herself as allied with our own elevated sentiments; she must no longer surround us with coolness and indifference. Behold! sacred necessity irresistibly impels the poet: he dissipates the morning mist, and, at his command, the rising sun darts its illuminating rays over the city, which is now consecrated to the victory of the enthusiasts.

Here we have the triumph of almighty art, and such miracles can dramatic art alone perform.

But such a miracle—that can only spring from the enthusiasm of the dramatic poet, and only be rendered possible by a lovely occurrence borrowed from life itself—is not desired by the operatic composer: he wants the *result* and not the *motive*, simply because it does not lie in his power. In a principal scene of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which externally resembles the one just described, we obtain, for the ear, the purely sensual result of a hymn-like melody, stolen from the people's song, and carried to a degree of intoxicating fullness; and, for the eye, that of a sun in which all we recognise is absolutely nought but a masterpiece of mechanism. The object that should merely be warmed by the melody and illuminated by the sun—the *highly inspired hero*, who ought to pour out his soul, with the most fervid rapture, into the music, and who, in obedience to the bidding of the pressing necessity of his situation, called forth the appearance of the sun—the justifying, conditional kernel of all the luscious dramatic fruit—is *not present at all*;* in his

place we have a tenor singer, characteristically dressed, whom Meyerbeer has charged, through his poetical private secretary, Scribe, to sing as well as he can, and, at the same time, to adopt something of a communistic bearing, so that people should, also, have something piquant to reflect on. The hero, of whom we previously spoke, is a poor devil, who has undertaken from weakness the part of an impostor, and, finally, in the most pitiable manner, repents—not any error, or fanatical infatuation, for which a sun might have arisen in case of necessity, but—his weakness and lying conduct.

We will not here investigate what considerations could have co-operated to bring forth such an unworthy object under the title of a "Prophet;" let a contemplation of the result, which is really instructive, suffice us. In the first place, we see, in this example, the complete moral and artistic degradation of the poet; whoever is best intentioned towards the composer must no longer see the slightest good quality in the poet; in other words—the poetic intention must not attract us, in the least, any more; on the contrary, it must disgust us. The performer must not interest us as anything more than a singer in costume, and this he can only do, in the scene mentioned, by singing the above melody, which, accordingly, entirely of itself—as melody—produces a result. In the same manner and for the same reason, the sun must work for itself alone, namely, as an imitation of the true sun realised upon the stage: the reason of the result it effects is referable, consequently, not to the drama, but to pure mechanism, which, at the moment the sun appears, alone furnishes matter for thought; how alarmed the composer would be, if people were to look upon its appearance as in any way intended to represent the transfiguration of the hero as the champion of mankind! On the contrary, both for him and his public, the main thing must be to direct all attention from such ideas entirely to the masterpiece of mechanism. Thus, in this single scene, so applauded by the public, all art is resolved into its component parts; the externalities of art are made its essence, and as this essence we acknowledge—*effect*, absolute effect, that is to say, the charm of artificially produced amorous tickling, without the activity of real amorous enjoyment.

It is not my intention to write a criticism of Meyerbeer's operas, but simply to represent in them the constitution of modern opera in connection with this entire branch of art generally. Although obliged, by the nature of the subject, frequently to give my statement an historical character, I could not allow myself to be so far led away as to deliver myself up to a system of historical details properly so speaking. Had I especially to characterise Meyerbeer's capability and vocation for dramatic composition, I should, out of regard for truth, which I exert myself completely to discover, bring forward most prominently a remarkable circumstance in his works. There is such frightful hollowiness, shallowness, and nullity, displayed in Meyerbeer's music, that we feel inclined to set down his specifically musical competency at zero—especially in comparison with that of far the greater majority of contemporary composers. The fact that, in spite of this, he has achieved such great success with the operatic public of Europe, must not fill us with astonishment, for this marvel is very easily explained by a glance at the said public, but purely artistic observation shall enchain and teach us. We observe that, with the most palpable incapability of giving the least sign of artistic life,

private revolutionary imagination. On the contrary, we wished to represent an unfortunate young man, who, embittered by sad experience and seduced by treacherous demagogues, allows himself to be spurred on to commit crimes, which he subsequently expiates by sincere repentance." I now inquire the meaning of the effect of sunlight, and shall perhaps receive the following reply: "That is in strict accordance with nature; why should not the sun rise early in the morning?" This would certainly be a very practical excuse for an involuntary sunrise, but still I should feel compelled to maintain: "This sun would not have struck you so unexpectedly, if a situation, like that which I have sketched out above, had not really floated before your mind; the situation itself did not please you, but you certainly intended to produce a result from it."

* Some persons may answer me: "We did not want your glorious popular hero, who, by the way, is merely a later product of your own

from his own musical powers, the celebrated composer rises, nevertheless, in some passages of his operatic music, to the pinnacle of the most undeniable and greatest artistic power. Such passages are the creations of real inspiration, and, on looking more nearly, we see, also, by what this inspiration was produced—namely, by really poetic situation. Wherever the poet forgets his constrained consideration for the musician; wherever, in his course of dramatic compilation, he involuntarily comes upon a moment, when he can breathe in and again send forth the free, refreshing, human air of life—he suddenly wafts it as a source of inspiration to the musician as well, and the latter, who, after exhausting all the musical riches of his predecessors, cannot give a single gasp more of real invention, is now enabled, all at once, to discover the richest, most noble, and most soul-moving musical expression. I would especially call the reader's attention to several detached passages in the well-known and painful love-scene in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, and above all, to the invention of the wonderful and moving melody in G flat major, with which, springing as it does, like a fragrant blossom from a situation that seizes on every fibre of the human heart with delicious pain, only very few, and only the most perfect portions of musical works can be compared. I mention this with the most sincere joy and real enthusiasm, because in this very fact the true constitution of art is displayed so clearly and irrefutably, that we cannot help perceiving, with rapture, that the capability of true artistic creation must fall to the lot even of the most corrupt maker of music immediately he enters the sphere of a necessity stronger than his own selfish caprice, and suddenly effects his own salvation by turning his perverse endeavours into the true path of real art.

But the fact of our being able to notice only detached passages, and not one entire great passage—not, for instance, the whole love scene to which I referred, but only separate moments in it, compels us, above all things, to reflect upon the horrible nature of the madness, that nips in the bud the development of the musician's noblest qualities, and stamps his muse with the insipid smile of a repulsive desire to please, or the distorted simper of an insane rage for command. This madness is the anxiety of the musician to defray, himself and out of his own property, that which neither he nor his property can defray, and in the common production of which he can only *participate*, when it is presented him from out of the particular property of another. Through this unnatural anxiety, by which the musician wished to satisfy his vanity—namely, to represent his capability in the light of boundless power, he has reduced the said power, which is, in truth, most rich, to the most beggarly poverty, in which Meyerbeer's operatic music now appears to us. In the selfish endeavour to force its narrow forms, as the only valid ones, upon the drama, this operatic music has proved, until it was insupportable, the poverty-stricken, oppressive stiffness and unprofitableness of the forms in question. In the mania for appearing rich and varied, it has sunk, as a musical art, to a state of the most complete mental want, and been compelled to borrow of the most material mechanism. In the egotistical pretence of exhausting dramatic characteristic by mere musical means, it has, lastly, lost all natural power of expression, and degraded itself to the level of the most grotesque buffoonery.

Having, at the commencement, said that the error in the branch of art called opera consisted in the fact that: "A means of expression (music) was made the end, and the end of expression (the drama) the means," we must define the marrow of the *delusion*, and lastly of the *madness*, which has represented the system of opera in its most complete unnaturalness, even to rendering it ridiculous, as the fact—

That each means of expression wanted of itself to fix the aim of the drama.

MR. TUTTON is alive and well. We have much pleasure in publishing the following communication, which has just reached us:—"A paragraph having appeared in *The Times* of Tuesday, July 10th, stating my sudden death, I am happy to be able to state that such report is void of foundation. I am, thanks to Providence, in the enjoyment of my usual good health.—J. R. TUTTON (Bandmaster Royal Horseguards Blue)."

METZ.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been produced with very great success.

DRAMATIC.

DRURY LANE.—On Wednesday Madame Gassier's benefit and final appearance took place, when one of the most crowded audiences of the season assembled in the theatre. The performances consisted of the *Barbieri*, in which Madame Gassier sustained the part of Rosina, followed by a concert, to which succeeded the *scena*, "Ah! non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, for Madame Gassier. The whole concluding with a *ballet divertissement*. Madame Gassier's Rosina being familiar to London, it is unnecessary to describe it. The music, in some respects, is unsuited to her, being written for a *mezzo-soprano*; but Madame Gassier's execution is so fluent and surprising, her taste so unexceptionable, and her style so thoroughly original, that Rossini himself would not have complained had he listened to her "Una voce." Madame Gassier is an accomplished singer, and the manager of Drury Lane was lucky in discovering in her a star of the first magnitude. Circumstances incline us to believe that Madame Gassier's engagement has proved highly remunerative—successful with the public we know she has been. In the course of the evening on Wednesday Mr. Smith and a committee of gentlemen presented Madame Gassier with a magnificent piece of plate, subscribed for her by her friends and admirers, and her brother and sister artists. Moreover, in the bills of the performance it was announced that "Mr. E. T. Smith had placed his theatre, with the services of the artistes and employees of this establishment, for one night at the disposal of Madame Gassier, as a grateful acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by that great artiste to the management—services which have been so highly appreciated by the patrons of the Royal Opera." This is *prima facie* evidence that the management has something to be grateful for. Madame Gassier was received with enthusiasm, and obtained a real "ovation" at the end of the opera, and after the *finale* from *La Sonnambula*, when she was summoned before the curtain. She was encored unanimously in the lesson-song at the piano in the *Barbieri*—the arrangement of Strauss's *Valse*, upon which she has conferred so much celebrity—and "Ah! non giunge," both of which she gave in her most brilliant and fascinating manner.

The concert was supported by Mdle. Favanti, who sang the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*; Mdle. Sedlatzek, who sang a German *lied*; Herr Kùhe, who played a *fantasia* on the piano-forte; Mdle. Eloise d'Herbil, the juvenile Spanish pianist, who executed another; and Messrs. G. and V. Collins, who performed a duo on the violin and violoncello. In the *ballet divertissement*, Mdle. Therese, Miss Smith, and M. Friand, were the chief performers.

OLYMPIC.—On Wednesday evening Mr. Robson took his benefit. The house was crowded to the ceiling with a most enthusiastic audience, who, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, were most violent in their applause, and very tenacious in insisting upon having all their encores. Mr. Robson appeared in *Plot and Passion* and *The Yellow Dwarf*, displaying, in each, his usual characteristic genius. Between the performances of these two pieces, he sung "The Country Fair," in which he assumed the face, manner, and voice of every bumpkin and lass who figure in the famous old song. As a substitute for an encore, Mr. Robson favoured his friends with a grotesque imitation of the dancing of the Senora Nena. The postures were perfect, and the haughty manner of the proud *danseuse* was inimitably taken off. Mr. Robson declined the encore which some of his very greedy admirers demanded.

DUBLIN, July 12.—A London vocal troupe appeared on Monday evening, at the Rotunda concerts. It consisted of Miss Messent, Mdme. Amadei, Mr. Augustus Braham, and Mr. Farquharson. The performances, for the most part, created a good impression. In "Tell me, my heart," "What will you do, love," and "Coming through the rye," Miss Messent was encored. Mdme. Amadei was also encored in the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and "The last rose of summer." Mr. Augustus Braham was similarly complimented in "Oft in the still night," and "The Bay of Biscay." The room was crowded.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE Concerts of the Orchestral Union were brought to a termination on Friday evening, at St. Martin's Hall. A better programme could not have been desired, as the following will show:—

PART I.

Symphony, E flat (No. 10) -	Haydn.
Aria, "Un glück sel'ge," Mdlle. Emilie Krall -	Mendelssohn.
Concerto, Pianoforte, C minor, M. A. Billet -	Mozart.
Song, "L'Addio," Mdlle. Lucrezia Corelli -	Mozart.
Song, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," Sig. Bianchi -	Mozart.
Overture, "Marguerite" -	Mellon.

PART II.

Symphony, A major -	Mendelssohn.
German Songs, Mdlle. Emilie Krall -	{ Schubert and
	{ Taubert.
Solo, Violin, "Tarentella," M. Sainton -	Sainton.
Song, "Die Wanderer," Sig. Bianchi -	Schubert.
Overture, "Fra Diavolo" -	Auber.

Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The two symphonies, so different in every respect, are both admirable examples of the genius of the masters. Haydn's, belonging to the set of twelve written for Saloman, is also one of the finest. Perhaps to modern ears the subjects may seem occasionally *rococo*, after listening to the more exciting symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. But, though Haydn may have wanted depth of expression, not one of the glorious triad who came after him exhibited a greater fluency of ideas, or more variety in their treatment. The symphony was capitally played, and the audience listened with as much interest as if it had been a novelty. Mendelssohn's symphony went still better. A more splendid performance of this work we never heard anywhere, and the audience were enthusiastic at the end of every movement. They would fain have heard them all again. Mr. Alfred Mellon, nevertheless, very properly forbore to comply with a request which would have prolonged a concert already too long.

Mozart's magnificent concerto has been seldom heard lately, and M. Billet deserves great praise for selecting it. While the pianoforte is assigned an important part, which taxes the skill of the performer to the utmost, the orchestral accompaniments are so elaborate as to endow the concerto with a real symphonic form. The performance was entitled to the highest praise, and M. Billet never proved himself a more genial executant of "classical" music. In the first movement he introduced Hummel's printed *cadenza*, which he played superbly. The loudest demonstrations of approval followed the conclusion of the concerto.

The overtures were played to perfection. That of Mr. Mellon (in A minor) we have praised more than once, and we think it the best he has written, on the whole. *Fra Diavolo* is Auber's most brilliant orchestral prelude. It is dramatic, striking and original; the instrumentation is varied and *piquant*, and it never fails to excite the hearers. Mr. Mellon is wise to introduce into his programme the overtures of the modern school, which have been too much neglected by our societies. The success of *La Gazza Ladra*, *Fra Diavolo* and *Zanetta*, this season, justify him in adhering to the plan. His own overture was unanimously redemanded; but he only came back to the orchestra and bowed to the audience.

M. Sainton's animated *Tarentella* for the violin was played with the greatest effect and encoired.

The vocal music was in excess. Mademoiselle Emilie Krall sang Mendelssohn's fine *aria* well; but in the song which Taubert wrote for Jenny Lind (although encoired), she was less genuinely successful. Mdlle. Corelli gave Mozart's "Addio" with great expression; and the two songs of Signor Bianchi were suited entirely to his voice, a splendid bass, though not exactly a "*basso profundo*."

Mr. Alfred Mellon has now, we think, established his Orchestral Union on a firm basis; besides which he has gained a reputation, as a first-rate orchestral conductor, which may some day help him to a prominent position.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Wednesday evening, the members, associates, and former students, co-operated with the "present pupils," and gave a *soirée* to their friends and the public at St. Martin's Hall. As this was the first time, we believe, a *réunion* of this kind had taken place, the programme may be given entire:

PART I.

Overture (*Prometheus*), Beethoven.—Terzetto con Coro, "Ecco alfin," W. L. Phillips, Mdlle. Weiss, Mdlle. Bassano, and Mr. Whitworth.—Concerto in F minor, pianoforte, Mr. W. Holmes, W. S. Bennett.—Aria, "Se m'abbandoni," Mdlle. Bassano, (*Nitocri*) Mercadante.—Solo, "Autumn," "La danse des Fées," Parish Alvars; Harp, Mr. John Thomas.—Aria buffa, "Miei rampolli," Mr. Frank Bodda (*Cenerentola*), Rossini.—Finale to the second act of *Don Quixote*, Macfarren—principal parts by Mdlle. Weiss, Messrs. Allen, Herbert, Whitworth, Wallworth, and Bodda.

PART II.

Overture (MS.) (*The Return*) Watson.—Duet, "Come, be gay," Misses H. Taylor and Ransford, (*Freischütz*) Weber.—Aria, "Parto," Miss Birch (*Tito*), Mozart.—Clarinet, Mr. F. Godfrey.—Introduction and Rondo Pastorale, violin, Mr. Blagrove, Blagrove.—Terzetto, "Troncar suoi di," (*Guillaume Tell*), Rossini, Messrs. Herbert, Wallworth and Whitworth.—Aria, "Prendi per me," Miss Ransford, *De Beriot*.—Finale to the second act of *The Regicide*, Lucas—principal parts by Misses H. Taylor and Ransford, Messrs. Allen, Herbert, and Wallworth.—Conductor, Mr. Lucas.

Not one "present pupil" (unless Mr. Watson be one) "exhibited" in the programme, so that it was really a concert of the members and associates. We had a right to expect, at least, some new compositions, if not new singers and instrumentalists. Nevertheless, as the performance was the first of the kind, and as "age is honourable," a fair excuse may be found for the professors and associates absorbing all the concert to themselves.

The features of the programme were the fine concerto of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, admirably executed by Mr. W. H. Holmes; the finale to *Don Quixote*; and that to *The Regicide*.

The orchestra and chorus were numerous, and composed almost entirely of academicians. Here the "present pupils" had something to do. We understand that a performance on the same "combination" principle will be given every year; but, unless the real pupils are to participate, it would be as well to announce it in a different style. We have more to say on the subject, but must leave it till next week.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

The last sitting of the eleventh season, on Tuesday, was fully attended, but the programme contained nothing new for comment. It was as follows:—

Quartet. No. 82 in F -	Haydn.
Duet, in A. Op. 69. Piano and Cello -	Beethoven.
Quartet. E. minor. Op. 44 -	Mendelssohn.
Air Varié. A major. Pianoforte -	Mozart.

Executants:—1st violin, M. Sainton; 2nd violin, Mr. Cooper; viola, Mr. Hill; violoncello, Signor Piatti; and pianoforte, Herr Hallé.

The quartets went well under M. Sainton, especially that of Mendelssohn; and the Beethoven duet could hardly have been better played than by M. Hallé and Sig. Piatti. At the end M. Hallé played two of Chopin's studies—in A flat and F minor.

We have some general remarks to offer about the Musical Union, which we must, however, postpone to our next number.

MR. JOHN THOMAS, the popular harpist and composer, gave a morning concert at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, the 7th. He was assisted in the vocal department by Mr. and Madame Weiss, Madame Bassano, Miss Lascelles, Mdlle. Bockholtz Falconi, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stone, Signor Marras, and Mr. Frank Bodda; and in the instrumental, by Signor Regondi (concertina), and M. Ascher (pianoforte). Mr. Thomas performed, among other things, a new descriptive piece of his own composition, entitled "Winter," Parish Alvars's "Danse des Fées," and a fantasia of his own on Welsh airs. The last was loudly encoired. The programme was good of the miscellaneous kind, but was too long. The conductors were Mr. Charles Salaman and Signors Fiori and Campana.

REVIEWS.

- No. 1. "WINDS SOFTLY SIGHING"—Canzonet—George B. Allen.
 No. 2. "THE ARROW AND THE SONG"—Ballad—George B. Allen.
 No. 3. "O, WHY DID THE WINDS SEEM REJOICING"—Song—George B. Allen.
 No. 4. "EVER THINE"—Song—Mathilde Langen.
 No. 5. "HOW PROUDLY THEY'LL HEAR THIS AT HOME"—Ballad—J. L. Hatton.
 No. 6. "DEATH AND THE WARRIOR"—Song—Mrs. Hemans.
 No. 7. "THOU'RT PASSING FROM THE LAKE'S GREEN SIDE"—Mrs. Hemans.
 No. 8. "THAT SWEET SONG"—Ballad—George Linley.
 No. 9. "ON YONDER FIELD OF BATTLE"—Song—J. Benedict.
 No. 10. "THE SENTINEL OF ALMA"—Song—G. A. Macfarren.
 No. 11. "WOE'S ME"—Song—Walter Maynard.
 No. 12. "NATHALIE"—Song—Walter Maynard.
 No. 13. "THE OCEAN DREAM"—Song—Walter Maynard.
 No. 14. "WHEN THOSE BRIGHT HOURS ARE FLED"—Song—Walter Maynard.
 No. 15. "O THOU PALE ORB THAT SILENT SHINES"—Song—E. Silas.
 No. 16. "THE VOICE OF THE FOUNTAIN"—Song—E. Silas.
 No. 17. "Valse"—Composée par Venzano, et Chantée par Madame Gassier, arrangée pour Piano-forte par Madame Oury.

We have placed Mr. G. B. Allen's contributions at the head of this batch of songs, because, take them for all in all, they are by many degrees the best. No. 1 ("Winds softly sighing"), if not very original, is to be recommended for being written extremely well—irreproachably indeed. The wind, of course, has a harp playing upon it, in the form of an *arpeggio*, which Mr. Allen has conducted very gracefully. A transition (pages 4 and 5), on the words "Far, far away, &c." shows that Mr. Allen can modulate boldly without getting into a scrape—not too common a gift, by the way, among *dilettanti* composers. The words of this canzonet (by "Beatrice Abercrombie") are pretty.

Mr. Allen has not been quite so successful with Longfellow's ballad of "The arrow and the song" (No. 2). The strong characteristic of this is *quaintness*; but there is nothing at all quaint in the music, the only quality of which, demanding notice, is correctness. There is a clever point, however (at page 5), where the voice sustains a shake on B, during an harmonic progression in the accompaniment, which is very good, and almost new under the circumstances.

No. 3 ("O, why did the winds seem rejoicing"), with some charming verses (again "Beatrice Abercrombie"), but for one thing—although a bagatelle, somewhat *à la Spohr*—would be entitled to the epithet of perfect. It is a charming song, as fresh as spring flowers, tune and harmony equally attractive. In this persuasion we are the more astonished, that one with a practical, no less than musical feeling, so evident, should be induced to express the wholly opposite sentiments of the first and last verses by exactly the same music. The first verse conveys a bright picture of happiness, the last as dark a picture of despair—and yet Mr. Allen can only find one way of expressing *both*; would not the *minor* key have been here of some service, or at least more appropriate to one of the two verses of which the poem consists? In spite of this anomaly, however, we have placed the song apart, for our own library of vocal music—to which none but gems are admitted. Think of that, Mr. Allen!

No. 4 ("Ever thine") is a piece of insipid commonplace.

No. 5 ("How proudly they'll hear of this at home") is one of the multitudinous occasional ballads bearing reference to the war, which, when good are impertinent, and when bad are intolerable. Mr. Hatton's ballad is neither good nor bad, but it is nevertheless impertinent.

Nos. 6 and 7 ("Death and the warrior," and "Thou art passing from the lake's green side"), will excite regret that words so full of poetry should have been wedded to such unqualified trash as the music. Poor Mrs. Hemans! How often she forgot she was a poet to fancy herself a musician!

No. 8 ("That sweet song"), words and music by George Linley, is inoffensive twaddle.

No. 9 ("On yonder field of battle"), is another song which may be considered *apropos* of the Crimea; but it is so very good, and gives such continual evidence of strong musical feeling, that we are inclined to forgive Mr. Benedict for anticipating the work of future poets, historians, and musicians. His composition is a kind of *scena*, in two parts, major and minor, full of clever harmony, of the graver kind, and expressive

melody. The words are given both in German and English. The song is written for a tenor voice—though rather low for the tenor register, in its published key.

No. 10 ("The Sentinel of the Alma") is another Crimean song. We are sorry to find Mr. Macfarren at the Alma, in company with Mr. Fitzball.

Nos. 11, 12, and 13 ("Woe's me," "Nathalie," and "The ocean dream") have all the merit of not being common-place. They are ballads, but carefully written, and express the sentiment of the words in an intelligible manner. Musically speaking, "The ocean dream" (No. 12), which is very graceful, may be pronounced the best of the three, although the description of Mr. Fitzball lying asleep in his barque and dreaming of "his love," is not suggestive of much originality. In No. 13, Mr. Fitzball, for the 999th time, fears that some fair creature may "forget" him when certain "bright hours," with which his muse has been familiar for nearly half-a-century, shall, for the 999th time, have "fled." The words of "Nathalie," by Mr. Mark Lemon, are not of the maudlin school, and, therefore, are more welcome. They describe, with Punch-like vigour, the conduct and fate of a coquette. Nathalie is a coquette.

No. 15, 16. Like all that proceeds from the pen of Mr. Silas, these songs betray a high degree of musical intelligence. Perhaps a little too much anxiety to avoid any approach to the common ways of expression may be evident in both of them; but this is a fault on the right side, and proceeds from a truly artistic feeling. Of the two songs before us, we prefer "The Voice of the Fountain," the melody of which, although broken up, so to speak, into little phrases, is supported by so charmingly fluent and (with Herr Wagner's permission) "characteristic" an accompaniment, that it sounds all of a piece, and is thoroughly pleasing to the ear. Miss Amelia Edwards, too—the poetess—has described "the voice of the fountain" in verses so sparkling, that they could not fail to excite happily the imagination of a true musician. "O thou pale orb" (to the fine words of Burns), is a composition of more grave and thoughtful character—less spontaneous certainly, but aiming at a loftier style of expression, and in a great measure reaching it. The opening is beautiful; but the progression, from C minor, through the "flat keys," back to the original (E flat), is, in our opinion, laboured. There is quite enough in this song, however, and still more in the first, to place both apart from the majority of such ephemeral things, and to command the attention of connoisseurs. If Mr. Silas would be more simple he would be more *genial*; and his music, which well deserves popularity, would have a far better chance of obtaining it.

No. 17. As this "Valse" was composed by Strauss, and is arranged by Madame Oury, we cannot see what right Sig. Venzano's name has to figure in the title-page. "Some men have greatness thrust upon them," but even with the aid of Strauss's reputation, Venzano is only known by name. The programmes of the season, and the singing of Madame Gassier, would have drawn a composer from obscurity, if really a composer. The "Valse" is brilliantly arranged in the key in which Madame Gassier sings it—E major—and will prove an effective drawing-room piece. On the title-page there is a good, if not flattering, likeness of Madame Gassier, in Spanish costume.

M. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The following was the programme at the last of these very successful performances, which took place on Thursday, as usual at M. Hallé's residence in Belgravia:—

Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, Beethoven; Prelude, Sarabande, Bourrée, and Gigue, in A minor, S. Bach; Larghetto and Cantabile, in E flat, from Op. 18, Hummel; Caprice, in A minor, Op. 33, No. 1, Mendelssohn; Grand Sonata, in C, Op. 53, Beethoven; Scene Pastorale, in F, Op. 50, No. 2, Heller; Nocturne, in F minor, Op. 55, Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 29, Grand Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53, Chopin.

We have only one general remark to make on the programmes of the four "Recitals," viz., that a still greater interest might have been imparted to them had M. Hallé accorded his subscribers a few more such works (undeservedly neglected) as the sonata in A flat of Dussek, of which he introduced two movements at one of them. The new feature on the present occasion was Stephen Heller's *Scène Pastorale*, a very original and charming inspiration.

A NEW YANKEE WONDER.—The *New York Musical Review* announces a *dusky* phenomenon in the musical horizon—"the black Thalberg," a pianist, aged 16. Of course Barnum will lay hands on him for the museum of 500,000 objects.

A WARNING TO M. VIVIER.

The following letters have been addressed to us with a request that they might be published.

To the *Lodger at M——'s, Regent-street.*

The inhabitants of Regent-street, in your immediate neighbourhood, beg to inform you, that unless you discontinue the nuisance of blowing soap suds in the street, they must call the attention of the police to the subject, several ladies having had their bonnets spoiled by the dirty slush falling on them.

Au Locataire de la maison M——, Regent Street.

Les habitants de Regent Street qui demeurent tout près de votre maison me prient de vous informer que si vous ne cessez pas l'incommodité des bulles de savon que vous faites pleuvoir par vos fenêtres ils appelleront à votre sujet l'attention de la police. Plusieurs dames ont vu détruire leurs chapeaux par l'humidité malpropre tombant sur elles.

All' Inquilino della Casa M——, Regent Street.

Gli abitanti di Regent Street che dimorano presso la vostra casa mi pregano d'informarvi, che se non tralasciate d'annoiare il pubblico colle vostre babbule di sapone che fate piovere dalle vostre finestre, saranno obbligati di chiamare l'attenzione della polizia a questo oggetto.

I. Cappelli di parecchie Signore, furono guastati dall'umidità sporca cascando sopra i medesimi.

Dem Einwohner des Hauses vom Herrn M——, Regent-street.

Die Bewohner des Regent-street, in Ihrer unmittelbaren Nachbarschaft benachrichtigen Sie hiemit dass wenn sie die Unart "Seifenkugeln in die Strasse zu blasen" nicht aufgeben, sie gezwungen seyn werden die Aufmerksamkeit der Polizei auf den Gegenstand zu richten, da mehrere Damen-Hüte durch den Schmutz, der darauf gefallen, befleckt wurden.

Tan de bewooner van het huis M——, Regent-street.

De bewooners van Regent-street dewelke dicht by u woonen bidden my a te doen weeten indien zy niet zult ophouden hun te plaagen door uw Zeepballer die zy gedurende uit uw fenster laat vallen, dat Zy zullen genoodzaakt zyn Zich by de Policy te beklagen; verscheide Damen hebben hun hoeden zien bedorven door de vogt en onzuiverheid die zen getraffen heeft.

(Underteekenet) Donderdag Ochtend.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORENCE, 27th June.—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss Arabella Goddard gave a concert yesterday evening with great success in the Sala Musicale dell'Arte. She was assisted by Herr Strauss (violinist), and Signora Gianfrede, Signor Bencich, and Signor Cruciani (vocalists). The Italian papers speak in raptures of her playing, and say that England ought to be proud of possessing an *artiste* of such distinguished talent.

BERLIN.—The season at the Royal Opera-house was brought to a close with M. Auber's *Lac des Fées*. Owing to the fine weather and the various attractions out of doors, the house was very thinly attended. It will remain closed for a month. The concert given, by the bands of the various regiments, for the benefit of the Fund for Military Musicians, their Wives, and Children, went off, last week, with great éclat.

STETTIN.—Madlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared in *Tannhäuser* and *I Montecchi e Capuletti* with success. A new romantic comic opera, entitled *Das Wirthshaus am Kyffhäuser*, has been produced, and tolerably well received. The music is by a young composer of the name of Ludwig Hoffmann, chorus-master at the theatre.

HANOVER.—Herr Marschner, *Hofcapellmeister*, has married Madlle. Janda, to whom he was for some time previously betrothed.

LEIPSIC.—At the re-opening of the theatre, in the beginning of September, Herr A. Riccius, who has, for many years, directed the "Euterpe" concerts, will fulfil the duties of conductor.

GENEVA.—Two concerts are given every week on the Lake. The orchestra, consisting entirely of Germans, is placed in a large barque, which the audience follow about in small boats.

VIENNA.—The Italian operatic season was brought to a close on the 30th ult., with selections from the following operas:—*Rigoletto*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Cenerentola*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Norma*. Madlle. Priora, *prima ballerina*, appeared in a *divertissement*. The theatre was crowded to suffocation.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—But Cruvelli—what a superb singer!—what a voice!—what softness! what soul! what heartfelt singing!—and what true and irresistible pathos! With what passion she sings her grand *aria*!—and with what sweetness her romance! and how clear and full of real soul, of passion proceeding from the innermost heart! She was overwhelmed with cheers. *Wenn diese "Vesper" sich auf der Bühne erhält, so ist Sophie Cruvelli das tägliche "Vesper-Brod," welches sie am Leben erhält, welches sie ernährt, Blut und Seele gibt.*—The Grand-Opéra is in a frightful state! Cruvelli! Cruvelli! One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one nightingale make an opera! Cruvelli is the Rachel of the Grand-Opéra, and Rachel is the Cruvelli of the Théâtre-Français. Rachel has Racine and Corneille; Cruvelli has Halévy and Meyerbeer. Corneille and Racine are dead, but Halévy and Meyerbeer are alive—which is a drawback. [*Und das ist immer ein Nachtheil.*]—(From M. G. Saphir's Parisian Correspondence to *The Humorist*.)

THE PROPHETE IN PARIS AND LONDON.—In a notice of the late *rentrée* of Mad. Alboni (with M. Roger) in the *Prophète* at the Imperial Grand Opera, *L'Europe Artiste*—or, rather, one of its contributors, M. Montazio—thus admits the superiority in many respects of the London performance:—

"Excess of zeal, however, carried at times the execution much further perhaps than they doubtless wished. The conductor will do well for instance to desire the instrumentalist presiding over the big drum and cymbals to remember the recommendation which historians have attributed to the Bishop of Perigord. And, as we are now speaking of M. Girard, we will advise him in a friendly way. We have heard the *Prophète* several times at the Italian Theatre in London, and we must frankly confess that in the capital of the *ex-petifidius* Albion, the *mise-en-scène* and the musical execution, more especially of the fourth act, were much superior to the interpretation given at the Académie-Imperiale of Paris. Instead of confining the military music to the back of the vestibule, just allowing the tip of the nose of the foremost musician to project beyond the side-scenes, Mr. Costa placed them all in front of the stage, in the midst of the people, and this arrangement presented the double advantage of having the two bands in the orchestra and on the stage under the control of the same director, thus avoiding the inconvenience of a divided command, and producing a more grand and majestic effect from the close approximation of the musical masses. Mr. Costa further obtained a most surprising effect by transferring to the bass clarinet, in the triumphal march, the part which in the Paris orchestra is attributed to the trumpet. Lastly, to evoke all our souvenirs, we will add that in London the chorus does not sing the phrase, 'Parlez! parlez!' which it repeats three times to the mother of Jean de Leyde. It gives this word in a tremulous whisper, as it befits an audience overcome by some terrible expectation, so that the dramatic effect is augmented by this intelligent interpretation of the situation."

M. Montazio might have added that Paris had never enjoyed such admirable impersonations of the character of John of Leyden as those of Mario and Tamberlik.

MADLE. ELOISE D'HERBIL, the child pianist—who lately appeared at Drury Lane—gave a concert at Willis's Rooms on Thursday evening. Phenomena, it appears, are losing their attraction. Although Madlle. d'Herbil is only six years the room was only half full, and yet the programme presented a good front, seeing that among the singers were M. and Madame Gassier—who were announced for the last time in London. Though extraordinary, under the circumstances, the performances of the young pianist created but little sensation. Modern audiences prefer maturity. The day is past when your Master Betty could compete with your John Kemble. Madame Gassier absorbed the attention and was encored in the eternal "*False*," which the oftener it is heard the more it pleases. Signori Piolotti and Campagna presided at the pianoforte.

CHOIR BENEVOLENT FUND.—The anniversary dinner of this charity, established in 1851, for the relief of widows and orphans of organists and lay clerks of cathedral and collegiate churches, was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, on Saturday, June 30th, the Right Hon. Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain, in the chair. During the evening, a selection of glees, madrigals, etc., were performed by a select and efficient choir, under the direction of Mr. Goss.

STRAND.—On Saturday last Miss Rebecca Isaacs took her benefit, and retired from the management, for a tour in the provinces. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and the only novelty of the evening was Mr. Herbert's Elvino. The house was full.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14TH, 1855.

THE following letter has been received by the publisher of the *Musical World* :—

John Boosey, Esq., Holles-street.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has just been called to the libel on our house contained in a paragraph in the *Musical World* of July 7th, respecting our edition of some of Mendelssohn's works; and, unless an apology, worded to our satisfaction, be at once written and made public, I shall place the matter in the hands of our solicitor. Requesting an immediate answer, I am, dear sir, yours truly,

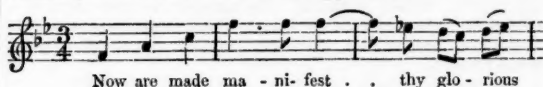
214, Regent-street, 9th July.

S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.
(Per JULLIEN & Co.)

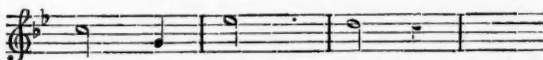
We own to have been somewhat startled on perusing this letter; but, on reference, it turned out, as we had suspected, that the "paragraph" (leading article) in question contained no libel at all, either in letter or in spirit.

The first part was purely speculative, and no more applied to Messrs. Jullien than to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., or any other of those eminent traders, who, like ravenous wolves—since the late very curious decision of the Peers, which defined copyright to be *no right (copy-right, by the way, is not a bad name for such intangible property)*—have been mangling and devouring whatever they could lay hold of. The application was general; and the principle of such vague legislation, combined with what, by logical definition, might be regarded as its tendency, was considered metaphorically, in a sort of didactic parable. No one will dispute the universal right of Englishmen (who are for ever reforming their institutions), to arraign the wisdom of legislators, or to deny the justice of existing laws which may be thought prejudicial to the interests of the commonwealth. On these grounds, the recent unjust and ill-digested verdict of the House of Lords has been called over the coals, not only by ourselves, but by others; and as the prudence or imprudence of enactments is best seen in their results, what stronger arguments could we adduce to support our opinion of the iniquitous nature of the recent interpretation (of a law which has for so many years been allowed to bear a wholly opposite signification) than those derived from events that have since transpired? A short time ago a number of highly respectable tradesmen (Messrs. Jullien, no doubt, among the rest) considered themselves the exclusive and rightful possessors of certain goods and chattels, which they had bought and paid for with their own money, after the accepted rules of commerce, and which they retailed to the public with a view of realising a profit for the maintenance of themselves and their families, for the support of their business establishments, and for the aggrandizement of their names and firms. They had freighted ships with money, and in return brought back cargoes, which cargoes had just begun to create a demand in the market, when a sudden edict from the "Upper Ten" at Westminster declared them to be the property, not of those who had freighted the ships, and whose money had passed into the hands of producers beyond seas, but of any, indifferently, who might be disposed to make free with them! Then commenced a scene which we boldly designate as an indecent scramble, an exhibition of greed and selfishness unexampled in the history of trade. Pell-mell, helter-skelter, the music-sellers rushed indiscriminately into each other's magazines, and pillaged everything they could lay hands on—mercilessly cutting in pieces whatever was too heavy to bear

away whole, and without compunction upsetting the order of things and the code of admitted rights—as a herd of buffaloes, trampling under hoof the ripe and luxuriant corn-fields. Poor Messrs. Ewer and Co., the richest proprietors of fat and nourishing beeves, were also the greatest sufferers; and the carcass of their prize ox, Mendelssohn, was torn and lacerated by the ravenous fangs of their hitherto peaceable neighbours and fellow guildsmen, until little of it was left but "spectral bones and ribs."* Messrs. Wessel's (imaginary) property in the small fry of German *lieder* and "*characteristische-stücke*" for the piano, vanished into nothing like a "*chateau* in Spain." Messrs. Boosey, like panthers from a bush, pounced upon Messrs. Addison, and carried away, as *their* prey, the mangled body of the *Huguenots*, before the eyes of the astonished Mr. Lucas, jun. Messrs. Cramer, like adventurous *fibustieri*, spread out their devastating arms in all directions, and with Briarean force clutched a hundred things at once. Messrs. Cocks began to tremble for their ponderous tomes; but happily these were not easy to appropriate without the aid of elephants. Messrs. Leader and Cock laid hold slyly of M. Verdi, and cut up his *Troubadour* into small and ill-shaped slices. Mr. Novello lifted his hands to heaven in dismay, and casting a wistful glance at both his volumes of *St. Paul*, chanted, in anxious tones of semi-supplication :—



Now are made ma - ni - fest . . thy glo - rious



LAW and JUDG - - MENTS!

("Glorious," indeed! The Peers must have been "glorious" when they delivered their unjust and property-killing fiat).

But this ironical appeal to the Lords, as body-corporate of legislative wisdom, was not likely to exercise much effect on the irate and hungry Gentiles, whom a true prophet would have cast out of the Temple. The chaos that ensued can be likened to nothing better than the sacking of a city, by a victorious army, after a protracted and temper-trying siege. Our host of music-selling invaders, who had been so long restrained from plunder, rape, and arson, by walls and towers which crumbled in an hour before the infernal machine of Lord Dundonald Brougham's logic, finding themselves now at liberty, rushed through the breach, or breaches, and stormed the city. He who had most to lose was of course the greatest loser.

The after capitulation among the aggressors was a mere farce. General Sir W. Chappell, with a bland smile, seized the "*Songs without Words*" of Mendelssohn, and placed other songs *with* words, by George Linley, at the disposal of Mr. Ewer. "I don't want your songs"—vociferated the petrified copy-holder. "But I *do* want yours," said the former; and kept them. *Ainsi de suite*.

And now to leave metaphor—which, nevertheless, has helped us to present a faithful picture of the state of affairs in the music trade immediately following the decision at St. Stephen's—in this very spirit, and with this conviction of our legislators' huge mistake, the leading article ("paragraph"), last week, was written. We must reproduce it to sustain our argument. It began as follows :—

* Wagner.

"In these latter days it seems that men wilfully close their eyes to the difference between *meum* and *uum*. The task of making the distinction is left to the lawyers, who undertake to defend the conscience at the expense of the pocket. It appears to us that the respectable body of music publishers is remarkably blind in the sense we allude to. As soon as a publisher discovers that the law cannot punish the pirates who take his works, owing to the imperfections of an old Act of Parliament, he is immediately stripped by his friends, who divide his property among them. Now if this principle were acted upon by every one in every position of life, it would certainly be rather awkward for some of us. For instance, if the Act of Parliament which makes pocket-picking criminal were suddenly found to be defective, what would become of our purses and handkerchiefs? We should shut ourselves up for fear of being robbed by our friends. And yet there would be nothing more un-neighbourly in taking a man's purse than in purloining any other article of his property, even if it be an opera. He has paid for both; but while the law does not recognise the simple act of furtively possessing yourself of a cotton handkerchief which belongs to another, it winks at the appropriation of a copyright worth a hundred times as much to the proprietor. It thus becomes a rule of trade to lay hands upon every bit of musical property appertaining to one's neighbour."

Now, who in his senses can find a libel against Messrs. Jullien, or Messrs. anybody, in the above? If libel at all, it is a libel against *human nature* generally; and never was the philosophic definition of Thomas Hobbs of Malmesbury—that, "A state of nature is a state of war, every man warring against every man"—more aptly exemplified in a small way than in this battle of the music-sellers.

If Messrs. Jullien have any cause to be offended we can only trace it to the second paragraph, which ran as beneath:—

"Messrs. Jullien, for example, have reprinted the *Wedding March* and *Scherzo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which Mendelssohn disposed of to the Messrs. Ewer in this country. The "new" edition, however, is a shabby one, and they who look out for bargains in the purchase of stolen goods will be disappointed. We, therefore, advise professors and amateurs to support the *bond-fide* proprietors for their own sake no less than for that of Messrs. Ewer."

But when we inform our readers that the republications in question were sent us for review, it surely exonerates us in a great measure, if not completely. We were asked for our opinion, and we gave it. We own that we were desirous of placing additional emphasis upon its expression; and we therefore assigned it a short "leader," instead of an ordinary paragraph, under the head of "Reviews." We pronounced the edition of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* "a shabby one," and we adhere to that opinion. It is not merely a "shabby" one, and a part of it reprinted from old and worn-out plates, ill-punched at the outset, but it is also incomplete, the vocal pieces and the melo-dramatic instrumental music being omitted. With these facts before us, and the complete edition of Messrs. Ewer on our table, for which scarcely half the price of the incomplete and "shabby" one is charged, were we not justified in letting our readers know which was the best of the two, and which they would do wisely to purchase—the complete and good-looking original or the incomplete and ill-looking counterfeit?

"Five shillings to one on't, with anybody that knows the statues!"*

If Messrs. Jullien, however, conceive themselves injured (much more libelled) by the metaphorical allusion to "stolen goods"—which is simply in keeping with the preamble of the article, like the bit of color in the corner of a picture that helps to impress the beholder with a sentiment of the predominant tone—we are happy to express our regret for having made use of it, and to assure our worthy correspondent, who represents them, that we had no intention of conveying anything whatever derogatory to the honour and

* Dogberry.

integrity of the firm as a firm, or of its individual members as gentlemen and men of unblemished character.

This is our apology, which, we repeat, is offered with all sincerity. It was not our wish to reflect upon *individuals*, but upon a law which we thought it our duty to criticise as vague, and a decision which, as loyal subjects, we conceived we had good reason to pronounce illogical and unjust, leaving those who might hold an opposite opinion the undisputed right of maintaining it, and of ignoring or condemning ours.

* * Since the above was written, another communication from Mr. Arthur Chappell has been addressed to the publisher of the *Musical World*. It consists of a letter and an enclosure. Here is the letter:—

John Boosey, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your favour received on the 9th instant, I beg to say that unless the enclosed paragraph, or a similar one to be approved of by me before its publication, be printed as an editorial article in the same part of the *Musical World* as the attack on our house was printed in last Saturday's number, that I shall without further notice give the matter into our solicitor's hands to commence an action, as I consider the attack so unjust and so clearly libellous as not to be passed over without due apology.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,
214, Regent-street, Wednesday evening.
ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

July 11.

(For Jullien and Co.)

We have great pleasure in complying with Mr. Arthur Chappell's demand, and at the same time beg to tender him our thanks. He has saved us the trouble of wording an apology—always a disagreeable task for an independent editor. We shall endeavour for the future to be less "incautious;" and should our enthusiasm, in an unguarded moment, be again permitted to outrun discretion, and an apology be required of us at the hands of firms imagining themselves insulted by insinuation—firms not understanding metaphor—we shall apply to Mr. Arthur Chappell to throw it into shape for us. We could never even say "Peccavi," much less write it; but, though as valiant as ancient Pistol, we are also as wise; and to appease such a Fluellen as Mr. Arthur Chappell, brandishing in his anger the trenchant "*haudegen*" of Chancery Lane, we willingly eat the leek.

And now to eat it. (It tastes very bitter.)

[Paragraph to be inserted in *Musical World*, July 14th.]

In our impression of Saturday last, in an article on musical copyright, we incautiously wrote the following paragraph:—

"Messrs. Jullien, for example, have reprinted the *Wedding March* and *Scherzo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which Mendelssohn disposed of to the Messrs. Ewer in this country. The "new" edition, however, is a shabby one, and they who look out for bargains in the purchase of stolen goods will be disappointed. We, therefore, advise professors and amateurs to support the *bond-fide* proprietors for their own sake no less than for that of Messrs. Ewer."

It having been pointed out to us that the remark "*the new edition is a shabby one, and they who look out for bargains in the purchase of stolen goods will be disappointed*" as referring to Macfarren's edition of Mendelssohn's works is untrue, as we find the pieces are very correct and well printed, and also conveys a most unjust imputation on the firm of Jullien and Co., and one calculated to injure their reputation as music publishers, we beg to withdraw it with an apology for its careless insertion.

Nevertheless (we appeal to Messrs. Ewer), the edition of Messrs. Jullien is a somewhat "shabby" one, after all; and (we appeal to Messrs. Jullien) that of Messrs. Ewer is unquestionably more complete. *Be chesm!* Our heads be upon it! We speak as "Reviewers."

WITH all our admiration of Mr. Ella, Director of the Musical Union, we cannot get rid of the conviction that his eloquence is greater than his tact. His last "Record" (July 10) proves this triumphantly. As usual, Mr. Ella

sets himself before the world as an example of immeasurable wisdom, from which his universally erring fellow-creatures may well be content to gather experience. At the same time, strange to say, the Director himself has been led into what the uninitiated may probably regard as a blunder. All the world knows that Meyerbeer honoured one of the recent sittings of the Union with his presence; and that, in order to confer the highest possible distinction upon his renowned visitor, Mr. Ella placed him in close propinquity with a bishop, an archbishop, and a director (Mr. Ella). And lest we should not be aware of this, the Director has taken extraordinary pains to make it notorious. He informs his patrons that—

"The imposing presence of the illustrious Meyerbeer, at our last *matinée*, for a while seemed to unsettle the performers; but nothing could well surpass the admirable ensemble of the Adagio, and the subsequent movements of Beethoven's difficult Quartet in E minor, and the *début* of the lady pianist was a complete triumph."

Which can only be translated by the fact that the first movement of Beethoven's quartet, and the whole of Spohr's, were not well played by MM. Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti. If this was really the result of their being startled and "unsettled" at the sight of Meyerbeer (who is not so formidable, after all, to look at), we think Mr. Ella should have left it to be recorded by the newspaper reporters, whom he so humanely accords free admission to the performances of the Musical Union. That is what *we* (if we had the courage) should have been left to say—supposing we had discovered it. Such a mode of paying a compliment to the great composer, at the expense of his brother musicians, and of historical accuracy, is unworthy one who, whatever his merits as a critic, has never shown himself very deficient as a rhetor. But, on reflection, our anxiety to catch the learned director out in an error (we confess his infallibility gives us umbrage)—however venial—has led us to overlook the obvious cause of this flaw in the entire and perfect chrysolite. Homer nods. Ella's flights into the sublimer regions of connoisseurship, known among the initiated under the title of "Æsthetics," are not to be accomplished without some tumbles into the slough of *ineptia* (the word is your's, Ella; we claim no copyright in it—use it at your leisure). Then—especially in this instance, supposing the flights governed by the very natural law, that the higher they soar the lower the reactionary plunges—must we be fully prepared for any amount of wanton error, of crass stolidity.

After so sublime an outburst as that which commences last week's synoptical analysis :—

"Tone for the million! Style for the æsthetic few! Novelty for sensation! Experience in catering for the musical tastes of different persons, soon proves the truth of these hackneyed aphorisms—"

we ought not to be astonished at a less transcendent sequel. Mr. Ella has a singular itch for insinuating that the musical artists he employs are less "perfect wholes" than himself. For example :—

"Our *beau-ideal* of perfection in all styles is never attained by any single artist, and the wisdom of practical philosophy teaches us to appreciate and be content with the intentions of a great and conscientious executant."

When Mr. Ella asks the realisation of his (Ella's) "*beau ideal*" from a human fiddler, he asks too much. To find it, he must repair to the spheres, on the wings of his own eloquence. Critics, too, and professional men generally, are unfairly rated by the Director of the Musical Union, because they are not (like himself) infallible. For instance :—

"Were it possible to collect the candid opinion of all who attend performances of music, as to their preference of particular composers and players, we should find little agreement; and this want of agreement, in persons of superficial knowledge in art, may often be traced to the influence of the most accidental and trivial circumstances. Nor are all professional men exempt from partiality to favourite styles of music and playing, owing to the influence of education, and often, we fear, to jealousy of a rival's success. An eloquent commentator on poetry and painting, speaking of the judgment of some painters, thus remarks :—'I have rarely met with an artist who was not an implicit admirer of some particular school, or a slave to some favourite manner. They seldom, like gentlemen and scholars, rise to an unprejudiced and liberal contemplation of true beauty. The difficulties they find in the practice of their art, tie them down to the *mechanic*; at the same time that self love and vanity lead them into an admiration of those strokes of the pencil which come the nearest to their own. I knew a painter at Rome, a man of sense too, who talked much more of Jacinto Brandi, than he did either of Correggio or Raphael.'—how truthfully these words express the daily experience of our relations with musical professors!—the antagonism of opinions on the ideal and mechanical—genius and acquisitions!"

We knew a Director in London, who talked much more of himself than the public might care to know—and probably "a man of sense too," more or less, like the admirer of Jacinto Brandi. But what of that? We cannot all be unutterably sage; we cannot all be without notes and moles—immaculate—as Ella, and the man of Hamm. Out of the pale of "the books" it is barely practicable to excel. Let there, then, be charity. The director of the Musical Union reckons charity among his virtues, but gives foreigners the exclusive benefit of the account. He extends it especially to Richard Wagner :—

"My only interview with Wagner, at Dresden, in 1846, impressed me with profound regard for his talent. I had already visited young Roeckel, and found him in ecstasies over the full partition of Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser*. I regret that on each visit to Dresden I was either too late, or too early in the season, to witness the performance of Wagner's operas, but from a slight investigation of his last production, with a German musician, I must honestly confess that I found no very captivating melodic forms; but frequent progressions of vague harmony, that suggested nothing to my mind—nay, to my ears, the succession of unexpected transitions and extraneous modulations was positively disagreeable. It is true, that in the latter works of Beethoven and also in Mendelssohn, I could select a few examples, with *direful collision of dissonant intervals*; but the design of the composer is always apparent. Recollecting the fate that has attended the early efforts of all original composers, I am reluctant to express an opinion on the operas of Wagner, without witnessing their representation in a theatre."

Thus, for the nonce, the "future" man is saved. Mr. Ella (having expressed a strong opinion just before) declares that he is "reluctant to express an opinion without," etc. If Richard Wagner had known this, he would not have quitted England so precipitately. But, further on, Mr. Ella waxes "kinder, and still more kind :—"

"Those who have enjoyed the society of Wagner, during his sojourn in London, entertain a high opinion of him, both as a man, scholar, poet, and musician! His theory upon the agreement of words and music, in a lyrical drama, is, in the main, true; but untenable in some particulars. If Wagner be unable to realize practically what he has endeavoured to expound as the 'aim and object of music,' it is a pity that in his critical remarks upon other composers he did not confine himself to the abstract question of his thesis. To my thinking, there is much to be admired in his general observations, which are not new, upon the progress of the lyrical drama, and no branch of the art is capable of more improvement. What but the consistency and historical interest of the dramas of *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*, give to Meyerbeer's music such a hold upon the public mind throughout Europe?"

This will be satisfactory to all who have considered it their duty to arraign Herr Wagner as an enemy to music, since, in his defence, Mr. Ella plainly demonstrates that he knows nothing at all about "the theory" which is "in the main

true"—or why does he cite the operas of Meyerbeer and their popularity, as examples of its correctness. Had Mr. Ella, before writing such a quantity of nonsense, taken the pains to read our own translations of Herr Wagner's most comprehensive book—*Oper und Drame*—he would have learnt that the Meyerbeer-opera is attacked by Herr Wagner with unparalleled virulence and animosity, as the culminating point of that error which debased dramatic music from the outset—in short, as the most untrue and hideous shape that the musical art has been made to assume in connection with the drama. Meyerbeer himself is slandered with as much rancour as Meyerbeer's music is abused. He is proclaimed a "Jew"—and being a "Jew," everything that is bad, from a thief downwards. And yet, just after Meyerbeer's visit to the Musical Union (of which Mr. Ella takes full advantage to aggrandise himself), our director thinks fit to publish in his programme a sort of half-defence, half-panegyric, of the bitter and unscrupulous *hater* of that celebrated musician—*hater*, we repeat, since Wagner does not so much criticise Meyerbeer as express his loathing of him through the medium of a pen nibbed by a dagger and dipped in poison. But Mr. Ella is not merely ignorant of Wagner's theories; he was never even present at a concert where Wagner conducted!

"As a conductor of overtures and symphonies, Wagner is accused, by the majority of my musical acquaintances, of changing the time and expression of the music at the Philharmonic Concerts. Whatever may be a man's theory, it should not be permitted to interfere with our satisfaction in listening to the works of others. *I did not witness his mode of conducting*, but instead of poor Wagner being exposed to calumny and abuse, for doing what he conscientiously felt to be right, the directors ought to be blamed for engaging a conductor without first ascertaining his qualifications."

The introduction of the word "*calumny*" in this paragraph is impertinent. Having confessedly no experience of his own, upon which to found an opinion, Mr. Ella prefers a vile imputation against those who, in the free and conscientious discharge of their duty, have criticised Herr Wagner unfavourably. Herr Wagner has been exposed to no calumny. He has been condemned in this country, by the best judges, as a composer on false principles of art, and as an inefficient conductor. What importance we attach, however, to the man and to his writings, may be gathered from the large space we accord to them in our columns, week after week. It is *because* he is a man of amazing eloquence and subtle wit, that we esteem him the more dangerous. To ignore Herr Wagner, and his opinions, would be preposterous. To endeavour to expose their falsehood, is the task we have undertaken; and we shall pursue it to the best of our ability.

On the very next page to that which contains the defence of Wagner (which may be likened to the *Encomium of Nero*, by a greater scholar, if not a greater sophist,* than Mr. Ella), we find the following about the man whom Wagner has persecuted in his writings with such unrelenting ferocity—we mean Meyerbeer:—

"I have long enjoyed the friendship of the amiable *maestro*, and the honour of his visit to the Musical Union afforded me an additional mark of his personal esteem. His true character, as a man, is impartially described in the concluding chapter of Mr. Gruneisen's Memoir, from which the following extract is taken:—'The natural benevolence and mildness of his character; his agreeable and amiable behaviour to everybody; his modest and reasonable estimation of his own powers, which knows no pride of wealth or professional eminence, no jealousy of others; and which neither his celebrity, spread over the whole of

Europe, nor the honours which have been bestowed upon him by the great ones of the earth, have been able to overthrow; his disinterestedness of mind, his scrupulous honesty, have long procured for him the esteem and affection of all who know him. And the personal virtues of this artist—as amiable as he is distinguished—must charm even those who envy him his fortune and his fame. In short, he is fully deserving of the estimation in which he is held as a distinguished composer, and of the esteem which, as a man, is so universally felt for him.'—The good opinion of so excellent a man and so celebrated a musician is to be prized, and I doubt not but the members of the Musical Union will sympathise with my feelings in receiving permission to publish his generous appreciation of my exertions in the cause of art."

This "generous appreciation of" Mr. Ella's "exertions in the cause of art" (!) is simply a letter of thanks for the polite invitation M. Meyerbeer had received to attend the concert of the Musical Union, and an expression of the gratification he had derived from the performance. Such a letter should *not* have been printed, since it was never intended for publication. But, as it served Mr. Ella's turn, he applied to M. Meyerbeer for permission, which the "excellent man and celebrated musician" accorded without difficulty. And in return for his kindness, this "excellent man and celebrated musician," this "amiable *maestro*," whose "*friendship*" Mr. Ella has so "long enjoyed," was rewarded by being condemned to see a eulogy of himself and a eulogy of his implacable vituperator, side by side, in the next "Synoptical Analysis" of the Musical Union!

This is want of tact, and no mistake; and, without entering into further details (for which the "Record" of Tuesday would furnish abundant materials), we may be content to reiterate our conviction that "the eloquence of Mr. Ella is greater than his tact."

SIGNOR VERDI is about to visit London—not to witness at Covent Garden the success of his own *Trovatore*, the performances of which have been suspended through the departure of Mdle. Jenny Ney; nor, like Meyerbeer, to superintend the rehearsal of a new opera; but simply on private business disconnected with stage matters altogether. It is not unlikely, however, that, while remaining here, overtures will be made to the Italian *maestro* by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, about *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, his last, and, according to many, his best opera. Signor Verdi, it will be remembered, paid London a visit in 1847, when he composed *I Masnadieri* for Her Majesty's Theatre, and came from Paris to preside at the rehearsals. But Signor Verdi in 1847 and Signor Verdi in 1855 are two different personages; as different as *I Lombardi* and *Ernani* from *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*. Whatever minute distinctions of opinion may exist as to the "absolute" merits of the Italian composer, his great popularity would alone ensure him marked attention during his sojourn in this metropolis, where so many of his operas have been successfully performed.

ERNST leaves London to-day for Aix, in Savoy. He will not return to England before the end of October.

MRS. NISBETT.—Lady Boothby has written to the *Times*, to state that the report of the return to the stage of Mrs. Nisbett is wholly untrue.

MR. W. FARREN, who has, for upwards of fifty years, maintained so eminent a position on the English stage, will take a farewell benefit at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening, and then retire altogether from public life.

MR. RICHARD ROBERTS.—Welsh papers announce the death of this Welsh harpist, who, for upwards of fifty years, enjoyed the title of "Prince of Song," and the distinction of being the chaired monarch of harpists.

* Cardan.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR—The bubble has burst! The general meeting of the Philharmonic Society has taken place. Twenty-five members were present. Questions were put and answered. As was anticipated, nobody knew anything about anything; and the result may be illustrated by the old symbol of the small mouse which issued from the belly of the big mountain in labour!

The meeting took place on Wednesday night. Mr. Costa came early and looked prophetic. Mr. Benedict appeared wrapped in a cloud of mystery. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, with many papers, encouraged a hope that he was prepared to say no end of things—the act to follow the word, as thunder the lightning. Messrs. Lucas and Clinton seemed as though something were “looming” in the distance, not very pleasant to themselves—in expectation, as it were, of being placed upon the wheel and interrogated. Mr. Sterndale Bennett entered, like Pistol, in the play, and—to speak in metaphor—placed his sword upon the table, saying:—

“—sweetheart, lie thou there.
Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?”

Mr. Anderson was there, M. Sainton, and the rest. But enough of names. Deeds ought rather to be on the *tapis*. It should be our grateful task to announce reforms, to predict the renovation of the Philharmonic Society, to reckon upon all sorts of fine things. Alas!—the whole ended in smoke. We have nothing to record worth telling. There was a great noise and a vast amount of talk. But talk is only a tinkling cymbal when the words express no real sentiment. *Beau-coup de bruit peu de fruit*, is an old saying, often quoted, and exemplified on the present occasion to perfection.

Mr. Bennett had laid down his sword to take it up. He did not “imbrue.” There was no “incision.” There were no “grievous ghastly gaping wounds;” the “sisters three” were not “untwined;” all was in the end “sack” and “good-humours.” Mr. Bennett took up his sword, sheathed it, cried *Pax vobiscum!* and allowed himself to be elected A DIRECTOR, with eighteen white balls by the side of Mr. G. F. Anderson, reappointed with fifteen! *O tempora!—O mores!—O Sterndaleus Bennetus!! &c.*

The other five directors for the ensuing campaign are Messrs. M'Murdie, J. B. Chatterton (*O Chattertonius!*) Lucas, H. Blagrove, and

From this directorate we have not the slightest hope of any good ensuing. There is too much of the ancient leaven. It is another shift of the puzzle, and another configuration of the mismanagement of our musical Greys and Elliots.

The whole proceedings were a mockery. Of course questions were asked about Richard Wagner, whose conducting has been so disastrous to the band. Nothing, however, was elicited but this—that he was proposed by Mr. Clinton and seconded by Mr. Lucas (or *vice versa*), and that Messrs. Lucas and Clinton, although they proposed and seconded him, had never heard of Herr Wagner before! This, on cross-examination from the gentleman who arrived so hotly to the debate, so hotly disposed his sword upon the table, and so coolly took it up again, was acknowledged without a blush! But still worse, without a blush, six directors out of seven confessed that it had been unanimously agreed among them to invite no resident professor, native or foreign, on any account whatever, to direct the concerts. So that if Mr. Anderson had failed to noose the “Man of the Future,” there would have been no conductor at all (*tant mieux!*—

perhaps). Every German “Doctor,” from Spohr of Cassel down to Liszt of Weimar, was to be asked, in turn, to undertake the post! Such a gross insult to the many eminent musical men who live in this metropolis was never practised before, and let us hope may never be tried again.

The “accounts” passed muster, in spite of all this. Herr Wagner got £200; and Mr. Anderson's expenses to Zurich and back again (in the snow) amounted to £30 more. The loss on the season was between £500 and £600. And yet three of the managing directors were retained in their places—Messrs. Anderson, M'Murdie, and Lucas. M. Sainton, more consistent, declined in advance to serve. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, contrary to all expectation and in defiance of all reason, accepted office under Mr. Anderson and tail!* What, then, has all this pother been about, since Mr. Bennett was last a director? For what have Mr. Bennett's staunchest friends and supporters exposed themselves on his account to obloquy and worse? We are pretty well hardened to surprises; but such an “interrupted cadence” has fairly upset us. Mr. Bennett will answer, that, having eighteen votes, he was at the head of the poll, and therefore over, not under, Mr. Anderson and tail; but that is little to the purpose; “over” or “under,” it is pretty well agreed, on all sides, that Mr. Anderson “Director,” means Mr. Anderson “Autocrat”—in plain language, undisputed master of the society and its affairs. It was so when Mr. Bennett was director before; and will be so now that he is director again. Mr. Bennett, on laying his sword on the table, declined (like M. Sainton) to accept office. But on some trivial objection, which he stated as the reason of his unwillingness, being removed,† he took up his sword, as we have said, coquetted for a while, at length relented, and, like Donna Julia,

“Whispering, ‘I will ne'er consent,’ consented!—”

once more a victim to the blandishments of the Philharmonic Don Juan. Thus fell Mr. Bennett, from the rocky heights of stern uncompromising patriotism down to the soft plains of enervating serfdom. Dallying with despotism he was entrapped, and like Telemachus laid his head on the lap of the enchantress. Well would it have been for Mr. Bennett had Mr. Lindsay Sloper (his Mentor) taken a hint from the Odyssey, and tied him to the mast, as his ship sailed slowly past the Andersonian shores and quicksands. And what did Mr. Sloper, with his papers?—nothing. And what did Mr. Benedict?—no more. He simply cried “Peccavi!” and owned that, when he formed one in the directorate, it was he who first proposed that Richard Wagner should be invited over from the *Venusberg* of his imaginary “future,” to conduct *Tannhäuser* at the Philharmonic Concerts. We wish some of the others were but half as candid as Mr. Benedict.

The result of the meeting may be briefly summed up. A new directorate has been appointed—a sort of coalition-government of utterly antagonistic materials, from which nothing can be expected but a blind adherence to tradition. A committee has been instituted from among the independent members, to consider the affairs of the Society, and to alter the laws. Until this has been effected the directors are not to assemble officially. So that up to about November nothing will be done at all;

* Accepted office under, &c. The expression will readily be understood.

† Mr. Bennett's only objection to resume office was that the private meetings of directors took place on Sundays.

but, when November comes the seven directors may meet together, shake hands, proceed to business in the old style, and following the stereotyped routine which has brought the institution almost to the brink of ruin, discuss how best to employ the £2,400 which remains in the treasury. Out of nothing can come nothing. Those who feel any interest in the Philharmonic Society will regret that it has reached such a pass; while, on the other hand, those who are indifferent, and prefer to hear symphonies well played (under Mr. A. Mellon), at St. Martin's Hall, to symphonies ill played (under anybody), in the Hanover-square Rooms, will shrug their shoulders, and ask—"After all, what is the Philharmonic Society, that such a fuss should be made about it?" The answer is evident. The Philharmonic Society was once an exceptional institution; but M. Jullien has taught the crowd that they can hear, for a shilling and half-a-crown, several times during the winter season, performances quite as good as those for which the Philharmonic directors charge *one guinea*. The music-master is abroad; and only a small fraction, a *very small fraction* of the musical talent of this country belongs to the Philharmonic Society. Its once exclusive claims to consideration are, therefore, dissipated; and, unless Mr. Costa comes forward once more to save it, it must follow the Ancient Concerts and the Society of British Musicians to the "tomb of the Capulets." Mr. Costa, however, may be tired of playing Cincinnatus; besides, he is studying a more profitable and important part. Who then will be conductor next season?—"There's the rub!" We will be bound to say that not one of the directors will think of proposing Mr. Alfred Mellon; and as Mr. Bennett and Mr. Lucas can neither propose nor vote for themselves (both being directors), the chances are somewhat even for MM. Benedict, Hallé and Molique—that is, unless Herr Wagner returns with the "whole" *Niebelungen*, (!) or Mr. Costa's oratorio should fail (which may the Muses in a body forbid), and his attention again be diverted from divine to secular harmony. A good deal has been said about M. Berlioz; but, even had not the judgment that "he already lies irretrievably buried under the ruins of his own machines," been pronounced by no less an authority than the ex-conductor of the Philharmonic (Herr Wagner), we could point at once to four directors out of the seven who would inevitably vote against M. Berlioz—the "anxious polysepeity" of that original and extraordinary musician being altogether beyond their comprehension.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

HARMONIC UNION.—(From a Correspondent.)—A *Soirée Musicale* of the members and friends of the Harmonic Union was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday evening, the Rev. F. J. Stainforth, M.A., president of the Society, in the chair. Tea and coffee having been served, a miscellaneous selection of music was given, in which, several artists and members of the chorus took part. Madame Weiss sang a new song, composed for her by I. Gibsons—"Sweet hour of eventide." Mr. Weiss gave his ballad, "The Village Blacksmith," and was encored. Miss Stabbach sang two of Molique's songs—"Song for song," and "Could I through ether fly." The former is written for voice, violin or flute, and piano. The distinguished composer played the violin part. Miss Stabbach also sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Herr Molique played one of his own fantasias. Mr. Rea (the Society's organist) performed a pianoforte piece, which was redemanded. Mr. Blagrove's *duo concertante*, for violin and concertina, was played by Messrs. R. and H. Blagrove. Mr. Frank W. Force gave Wallace's ballad, "Annie, dear, good bye!" and a song by Molique. The Misses E. and M. Maseall sang "No, Matilde, non morai," and the Jacobite duet, "Whats a' the skeer, Kimmer?" The latter was encored. Songs, glees, &c. were sung by members of the chorus. The audience included many of the Society's subscribers and supporters.

REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 431.)

BEFORE Gluck and Mozart, this error was excusable. The Italian opera was the best that was known, or, rather, it was the only one which really was music. The friends of music, therefore, had no choice, and it is something altogether natural to take the best one knows for the best that is possible. But if I hear to-day a national opera music mentioned with a certain pride or a certain patriotic feeling, be it in what land it may, I really do not understand what is meant by it. There are two kinds of music, one of which is always confessedly national, and the other really so; these are popular melodies and the church song. The former, because they are a natural product, and, to a certain degree, the expression of the inner life of the people that sings them, and consequently owe their power, their merit, and their charm to their origin. They possess the virtue of making things present to us, or conjuring spells to summon the dear and holy images of the fatherland before our souls, the moment we hear them in certain situations in which every one may sometimes find himself. The intrinsic matter of a melody exerts no influence on the power of the impression which it can awake as a national song. A Swiss organist, living far away from his mountain, will many a time prefer the "*Ranz des vaches*" to all the preludes of Bach and Händel. And the same feelings, more or less, are stirred in every man, to whatever people he may belong, especially when he hears melodies which recall certain spots that are dear to him above all others, or events with which they chance to be peculiarly associated in his mind.

Quite analogous reasons secure, or should secure, the special organisation of the church song among nations attached to their own cultus. This song may be good or bad music in itself; it passes for the best where it has long existed. Everywhere the spiritual melodies have identified themselves with the national religion; men know them from their childhood; they hear them at the most solemn stadia of life; in them lies the power of awakening, even in the most indifferent souls, the thought of a high and mysterious antiquity, the thought of something that is, and was, and ever shall be. If the hearers are not capable of appreciating a learned church composition as a work of art, yet they feel it in the depths of their hearts as the expression of the Christian thought. Men who assemble for prayer to God, do not learn music with the critical ear of a connoisseur, or with the fastidious ear of a *dilettante*. Even the best judges, if they are Christians, or have only a little taste, are offended by every distraction which brings them too directly back to their profane enjoyments. A radical departure, therefore, from the church melodies—such as, too frequently, was made in the eighteenth century and in our days—is nothing but a destruction of a train of ideas operating in the most compact and powerful manner on the imagination; it is an outright destruction of the poetry of the national cultus. It is not necessary in any other way to establish this maxim, that church music in part derives its peculiarities and its power from its antiquity, whereas in the secular style the converse is the case; it commonly maintains itself by its novelty only.

Two branches of music, and indeed just the two extremes—the people's song, in which art stands at zero, and the sacred kind, upon which in some lands all the resources of art are expended—have thus the right and the necessity of being national, which fortunately exempt them from the tributes other branches pay to fashion. But how do they manage to maintain themselves in this state of stability? As we have seen, by the association of moral thoughts which they awaken, and which they possess the power of representing. Neither the edification which Christians derive from the introduction of church music into their common congregation, nor the patriotic satisfaction with which in certain circumstances we hear our country's song, is a purely musical enjoyment. Armed with its peculiar property of conjuring up the memories with which it is associated, and of enhancing our spiritual emotions, music operates no more alone and through its own peculiar power, but also and especially as the vehicle of an

activity of soul, of which it is only the mediate and secondary cause.

With the exception of the two cases in which the impression of music mingles with the national and religious feelings, there is no occasion to consider what it might gain by becoming German, Russian, French, or Italian, supposing it to rely wholly on its own resources. Is it not its most precious advantage over all spoken languages, that it is a universal language, the elements whereof lie in nature, and in the universal laws of the human organization, admitting, neither in a theoretic nor an æsthetic point of view, of any local tradition or difference between races? In the state of nature, music is always special, because it is still very imperfect; the more perfect it becomes, the more universal does it seek to be. Its universality, which is one of its essential attributes, is also the goal to which it must strive. Let us understand one another. By means of its intrinsic peculiarities, music corresponds to the different emotions of the soul only in a general, and so to say, abstract manner. If the question be, how to bring before the hearers the impression, or, more strictly speaking, the musical equivalent of an emotion, our art presents no object which can awaken this in us, as poetry and painting can; it applies neither mediating elements nor artistic illusion; but it touches immediately the principle, out of which all the emotions of the kind in question flow. We hear two or three phrases of a melody, a harmonic series of some chords, and we say, "These express joy, these despair, and these love." This music can do without the interpretation of a text, and without making use of the representative signification, which custom may have attached to certain melodies. The outward symptoms and the moral shadings, which modify the expression of passions according to manners, religions, and social ideas, language and climate, belong to the domain of the literatures, of which they fix the necessary speciality or nationality. Music in itself possesses no means of expressing these; or, if it sometimes succeed in doing it, it is only through the association of ideas, of which we have above spoken. All such portrayings are enclosed in a purely psychological circle, and never give anything beside the human *me*. What we call dramatic character is for the musician nothing more than the temperature or *naturel* of the person, which verifies itself in the situation of the piece, and must be determined, not by what the person could do, say, think, or wish, but solely by what it has the capacity to feel; and that because musical analogies answer indirectly to the interior and hidden springs of the passions; that is, to their principle. But this principle is the same with all men; and this is the reason why the empire of music embraces all countries, all classes of society, all stages of civilization, all degrees of intelligence, and stretches far beyond the geographical and intellectual limits, where the kingdom of the other arts leaves off. In theory, this universal intelligibility is the fairest prerogative of the composer; but, in the practice of the theatre, he is continually forced to renounce it partially, whether he will or not.

Every nation, every epoch has its own taste, which it necessarily imparts to the musicians whom it produces. This taste is in its nature special, and what is special never can be wholly harmonized with the expression of things absolute—as, for example, the human passions considered in their principle. Hence it follows, that the imitations of dramatic music have commonly only a relative worth, only a passing and local resemblance to objects represented, that is to say, to the feelings of the persons; a resemblance, which on the one hand constantly diminishes with the change in musical taste, and which on the other does not exist at all to a strange audience. The speciality of the taste of the times is a cause why music becomes antiquated, and the speciality of the local taste a cause which makes it less intelligible and less attractive in localities where a different taste prevails. When one sets out to give the universal language of feeling, he gets no further than producing the language of his time or of his hearers. But, since the musicians cannot do otherwise, we will see how they contrive, as natives, to please the public and themselves. If one wishes to convince himself, he will find four ways of nationalizing or localising the score of an opera.

(To be continued.)

CONCERT FOR HOSPITAL OF WOMEN, SOHO-SQUARE.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster placed their magnificent mansion, Grosvenor-house, Grosvenor-street, at the disposal of the committee of management of the above institution for a musical and dramatic performance, which took place on Monday in aid of the funds. The Picture Gallery was selected both for concert-room and theatre, and the decorations and fittings were left to the charge of Baron Marochetti, one of the committee of management, and Mr. Phillips, Royal Academician. The music, which was under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, was of the popular miscellaneous kind. The singers—including non-professionals—were Mrs. Sartoris, Mrs. Nassau Senior, Madame Gassier, Miss Wilson, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Tennant, Hon. William Ashley, Sir John Harington, Mr. Albert Smith, Herr Kumpel, M. Gassier, Signor Belletti, and the London Deutscher Männer Chor; the instrumentalists, M. Hallé, Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti, and Herr Blumenthal. Besides Mr. Henry Leslie, the director general of the music, there were sundry *sous-officiers*, who presided variously. In the first part Mr. Benedict was at the piano; in the second, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied Mr. Charles Braham in two airs by Verdi, and Herr Ernst Pauer directed the London Deutscher Männer Chor. Never was concert more diversely conducted, or better. Between the parts was presented a comedietta, by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled *The Late Lamented*, written expressly for the occasion, the characters by Mrs. Sartoris, Miss Mary Boyle, Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Spence and the author. It was well acted, and elicited much applause. Not the least entertaining part of the performance was Mr. Albert Smith's "Country Fair," which made the aristocratic audience "laugh comsumedly." Above eight hundred and fifty tickets were disposed of, and a considerable sum has been realised for the funds of the hospital. The Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and the Duchess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, were among the fashionables present.

MEYERBEER.—The distinguished composer of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, who has not been in England since 1832, is at present in London, superintending the production, at the Royal Italian Opera, of his last great work—*L'Etoile du Nord*. It is almost needless to remark that M. Meyerbeer has been received by the social and artistic *colonies* of the metropolis with all the respect due to one who has contributed so much to their enjoyment, the Queen having also paid him the honour of inviting him to dine at Buckingham Palace. We would suggest that our local musical societies should present an address to M. Meyerbeer, and request him to honour us with a visit during his stay in England. He is the greatest of living (writing) musicians, and some complimentary notice ought to be taken of his presence amongst us. Could not our Philharmonic Society give a grand performance of some of his works, and request him to conduct on the occasion? Such a performance would be a most proper and appropriate compliment to M. Meyerbeer, and might be made to reflect credit both upon him and upon ourselves.

MERTHYR.—The *Messiah* was given in the Temperance Hall by the Musical Union on Thursday evening. The execution was highly creditable to the committee, who originated the performance. The solo vocalists were Miss Cole (London), Miss Taylor and Miss Roberts (Merthyr), Mr. Marshall Ward (Hereford Cathedral), Messrs. Rosser, J. Jones, D. Davies, and Hopkins. The receipts of the concert, which was for the benefit of the vocal orchestra, did not meet the expenses, the "solitary point of failure," according to the *Merthyr Journal*.

HOW TO TAKE SEBASTOPOL.—A musical instrument maker of Geneva has received an order from Russia for 100,000 musical boxes to play the national air. A general of the first French republic, surrounded by superior forces, wrote to the minister:—"Send me a reinforcement of several regiments, or some thousand copies of the 'Marseillaise.'" The government, which had fourteen armies to maintain, found it more convenient to send copies of the Hymn. The soldiers learned it, and, singing it, broke through the enemy's ranks. The Czar thinks, perhaps, to relieve Sebastopol in a similar manner, and, as the Russians cannot sing, on account of their unmusical language, to furnish them with music ready made. On a given day, each soldier will attach one box to his knapsack, the general will give the word, "Play! forward, march!" the gates of the city will open, the army advance, and the enemies' batteries be silenced or fall, as the walls of Jericho at the sound of Joshua's trumpet.

If heaven has blessed you with a lively imagination, you will often sit alone for hours as if chained to your piano, endeavouring to give vent to your inmost thoughts in harmony, and the less clear the realms of harmony are to you, the more mysteriously will you be drawn within the magic circle. Such hours as these are the happiest of our youth. Take care, however, not to deliver yourself up too often to a talent that causes you to waste both time and strength on shadows.—Schumann.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. GRATTAN COOKE begs to inform his friends that it is not his intention to leave this world at present (D. V.), and he therefore begs they will not credit any report, which may appear in the "Times," announcing his sudden death. If the weather should become rather more moderate, Mr. Grattan Cooke trusts to improve in health and spirits.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL—(Voice, Contralto), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131b, Oxford-street; where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had for the above instruments.

HERR REICHARDT begs to inform his friends that he has left for the Continent, but will return in time for the Birmingham Festival. All letters to be forwarded to 36, Golden-square.

HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 54, Pall Mall, London, can offer to the Public Old and Superior Wines, pure, and of the finest quality, at prices not exceeding those charged for ordinary Wines. **HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO.** would call especial attention to their **Pale and Golden Dinner Sherries**, as under:—**IMPERIAL PINTS** 28s. to 34s. per dozen, or bottled in reputed Quarts 38s. to 45s. per dozen. Agents for **ALLSOPP'S PALE and INDIA ALES**.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of August next. Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. President, The Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke. Vice-Presidents, The Nobility and Gentry of the Midland Counties. J. F. LEDSAM, Esq., Chairman of the Committee.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY, WEDNESDAY, the 18th inst., at Eight o'clock. A GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT will be given by Mr. George Buckland, assisted by the following eminent artists: Miss Clara Fraser, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Henry Buckland, Mr. Govelbein, and Mr. Montem Smith. The selection will consist of duos, duets, and songs, from the most eminent composers.

R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTE (on the old system of fingering.) This instrument is universally acknowledged to possess the most powerful tone, combined with perfect intonation, sweetness, and ease to the performer. Prospectus and testimonials on application to John Hudson, Manufacturer, 3, Rathbone-place.

PIANOFORTES.—To all who desire a First-rate Piano at a moderate price. Messrs. Lambert & Co., lately removed from Percy-street to 314, Oxford-street, near Hanover-square, beg to call particular attention to their new Patent Repeater Check Action Pianofortes, and method of constructing the framing, which they warrant not to give way in any climate. For purity of tone, easy and elastic touch, and durability, Messrs. L. and Co. have no hesitation in asserting that their Pianofortes stand unrivalled. They have received most numerous and flattering testimonies to this effect, from purchasers, both at home and abroad, and they feel confident, that their instruments have only to be tried to be appreciated. Mr. Lambert gained a prize for his Patent Cottage Piano at the Great Exhibition, and is the sole inventor of the Check Action.—Pianos taken in exchange, tuned, repaired, regulated, and lent on hire. Lists may be had on application.

CONCERTINAS by CASE; the only instruments that remain in tune, and do not require to be constantly repaired. Every concertina by Case has 48 keys (full compass) and double action. Prices:—No. 1, in mahogany, with handsome case, four guineas; No. 2, in rosewood, six guineas; No. 3, in rosewood, eight guineas; No. 4, in rosewood or ebony, ten guineas; No. 5, splendidly finished in ebony, with plated studs, twelve guineas. Case's instructions for the concertina, price 10s. 6d. Case's Concertina Miscellany, published every month, price 2s. 6d. Sole dealers and publishers, Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, No. 3, Pall Mall East, London. Established A.D. 1844. Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with perfect security. The interest is payable, in January and July, at the Head Office in London; and may also be received at the various branches, or through country bankers, without delay or expense. Peter Morrison, Managing Director. Prospectuses and Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

MUS. BAC, OXON.—The Exercise, written for the degree of Bachelor in music, by Richard Hacking, Junr. Bury, Lancashire, being a sacred Cantata for five voices with orchestral accompaniment entitled "Judgments and Mercies," and performed before the University of Oxford in commemoration week, June 18th, 1855, will shortly be published by subscription, in vocal score, with an accompaniment arranged for the organ or Pianoforte. Price 10s. 6d. Subscribers' names received by the Author.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP'S "Home, sweet home." Newly arranged by R. Andrews, D'Almaine & Co., Soho-square. Price 2s. 6d.

MUSICIANS AND DRUM MAJOR WANTED for a Militia Regiment; pay from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day, according to ability. Application (personal only) to be made to Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish Square, London.

IMPORTANT TO LEADERS OF BANDS, &c.—The band parts of the new dance, La Varsoviana (as danced at the Argyll Rooms), are published this day, price, for full orchestra, 5s.; septet, 3s. 6d.; also, the fifth edition of the Pianoforte copy. Price 2s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA DANSE DES FEES.—Parish Alvars' celebrated morceau for the Harp (played by Mr. John Thomas at Willis' Rooms last Saturday), may be had, arranged for the pianoforte, by Rudolf Nordmann (second thousand). Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

ORCHESTRA.—Violin, Violoncello, Clarinet, Oboe, Flageolet, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, &c. Messrs. Boosey's extensive stock of classical music, imported from the Continent, for the above instruments, is to be disposed of at a greatly reduced rate. A priced catalogue is just ready for six pence, free by post. 28, Holles-street.

SACRED MUSIC.—FULL SCORE AND PIANOFORTE SCORE.—Messrs. Boosey and Sons' extensive stock of valuable foreign music of this class, is to be disposed of at greatly reduced prices. A catalogue free for six stamps. 28, Holles-street. July 1st.

VIOLIN QUARTETS.—The splendid stock of Violin Quartets imported by Messrs. Boosey and Sons, is to be disposed of at a greatly reduced rate. A complete catalogue, free by post, for six stamps. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

JUST PUBLISHED.—FANTASIA on the celebrated Jacobite Song, "Will ye no' come back again?" for the Pianoforte, by T. W. Naumann, price 2s. 6d., free by Post. This Piece is admirably adapted for Schools and Teachers. London—Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Edinburgh—Paterson and Sons. In the Press.—The 12th Edition of the above popular Song, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by the late Finlay Dun. Price 1s.

CHARLES VOSS.—FANTASIE BRILLANTE on Verdi's Opera, "Luise Miller," for the Pianoforte. Price 4s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE CONCERTINA MISCELLANY, edited by George Case. Subscription 21s. per annum. A number is issued the 1st of the month. Price to non-subscribers, 2s. 6d. Already published:—No. 1. Fantaisie sur Masaniello (Concertina and Piano). Auber; No. 2. Selection from the Creation (Concertina and Piano). Cherubini; No. 3. Selection from Lucia di Lammermoor (Concertina Solo). Donizetti; No. 4. Fantaisie on Irish Airs (Concertina and Piano). National; No. 5. Selection of French Airs (Concertina and Piano). National; No. 6. Fantaisie on Guillaume Tell (Concertina and Piano). Rossini; No. 7. (for July) contains a selection of dance music (Concertina Solo.) Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

REGONDI'S NEW MUSIC for CONCERTINA and PIANO, admirably arranged for Amateurs. Les Huguenots, four numbers, 3s. each. Robert le Diable, three, 3s. each. Puritani, two, 4s. each. Lucia, two, 4s. each. Ernani, three, 3s. each. Rigoletto, three, 3s. each. Sonnambula, six numbers, 3s. each.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

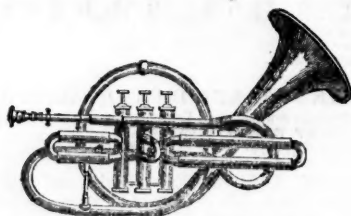
NOTICE.—Jenny l'Hirondelle Po'ka, by Lachner, as performed at the Crystal Palace, and in Kensington Gardens, will be published on Monday next, for the pianoforte, arranged by Tinney. Price 2s. 6d. illustrated. The band parts will be ready in a few days, price 5s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

JOHN THOMAS' WELSH MELODIES, for the Harp.—Just published, in a very handsome volume, price One Guinea, a collection of Welsh Melodies, arranged for the Harp by John Thomas, as introduced at his late concert at Willis's Rooms.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, and to be had also of the Author, 88, Great Portland-street.

BIOGRAPHY.—The Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a Critical View of his Compositions, translated from the German of J. N. Forkel, author of "The Complete History of Music," &c. Price 4s., in boards. The above is a very valuable and instructive piece of musical biography, exhibiting, as it does, in a most striking manner, the result of great and original genius when united with untiring patience and perseverance. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

FERDINAND PRAEGER'S "Elfenmährchen" (Fairy Tale), as performed by the composer at all his concerts on the Continent, the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, &c.—Published at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, Regent-street.

C. BOOSEY'S NEW PATENT MODEL



CORNET - A - PISTONS,

PATENTED BY

C. BOOSEY, BANDMASTER OF THE FUSILIER GUARDS.

This celebrated instrument, made from a new model, resembling the French Horn, is in the greatest favour with all the professors and amateurs of the Cornet in England. It produces a beautifully clear and powerful tone, and greatly facilitates the execution of the most brilliant music. Price Seven Guineas in case; carriage free to any part of Great Britain.

Just Published.

BOOSEY'S UNIVERSAL CORNOPEAN TUTOR.

A complete theoretical and practical school for the Cornet. Price 6s. in a handsome book.

Also,

BOOSEY'S CORNOPEAN JOURNAL.

275 popular melodies for the Cornet-A-Piston, selected from the modern operas, dances, and songs. Price 15s. in ornamental binding. Published and sold by Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, London, Musical Instrument Manufacturer to Her Majesty's Army, the Militia, etc.

VERDI'S IL TROVATORE.—The Cheapest and Best Editions.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. Pianoforte and Voice (unabridged), in boards | 21s. |
| 2. Pianoforte Solo (Nordmann) | 4s. |
| 3. Pianoforte, Four Hands (Nordmann), cloth | 5s. |
| 4. The whole of the Songs, popular editions | 1s. each. |
| 5. Three Fantasias for the Pianoforte, by Nordmann | 3s. " |

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—

Published this day:—Mi Manca la Voce (Mose), 3s.; La Sonnambula, Fantasia, 3s.; D'un Pensiero, 2s. 6d.; Good Night, 3s.; A te o Cara (second edition), 2s. 6d.; La Donna è Mobile (second edition), 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

FORBES' COMPANION to the PSALM and HYMN

BOOK, in use at a great number of the metropolitan churches. This excellent little work contains 80 tunes (for four voices and piano or organ), and 35 single and double chants. Two editions are published, one with the Rev. M. Gurney's words; the other with the selection by the Rev. W. J. Hall. Price 4s. in cloth. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

SIGNOR CAMPANA'S NEW ITALIAN ROMANZAS,

sung by Signori Mario, Gardoni, Marras, and Belletti. Price 2s. each. 1. La Luna. 2. La Prima Lagrima. 3. L'Ultima Pregiurera. 4. Amami. 5. Vola il tempo. 6. Il Marinaio (Baccarolle), and 7. Una sera d'Amore, duet, 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME OURY'S NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

published this day: La Gassier Valse, 2s.; Minuet and Trio from Mozart's Symphony in E flat, price 3s.; Le Bijou Perdu, Chanté par Cabel, 3s.; Mazurka Brillante, 4s.; Romance sans Paroles, 4s.; Partant pour la Syrie, 3s.; Rigoletto Fantaisio, 4s.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME GASSIER.—The celebrated Valse, sung by

Madame Gassier, in Il Barbiere di Siviglia, arranged for Pianoforte by Madame Oury, price 2s., with a Portrait.—Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN.—DI QUELLA PIRA, Morceaux de

Trovatore. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN.—IL BALEN DEL SUO SORRISIO,

Morceaux de Trovatore. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN.—SI LA STANCHEZZA, Morceaux de

Trovatore. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

VALUABLE MUSICAL WORKS

TO BE DISPOSED OF

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

SELECTED FROM BOOSEY & SONS' NEW CATALOGUE OF FOREIGN CLASSICAL MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS, complete, six vols. boards, with one vol. of violin accompaniment, £6.

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS, complete, seventeen books, £5.

WEBER'S PIANOFORTE WORKS, complete, three vols., £3.

FORKEL'S GENERAL HISTORY of MUSIC, two vols., 4to., plates, boards, £2.

HAYDN'S VIOLIN QUARTETS.—Complete collection of Quartets, beautifully printed, four thick vols., boards, £5 10s.

HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES IN FULL SCORE.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, price 3s. each. Nos. 4, 5, 6—4s. each. New edition.

LES HUGUENOTS, IN FULL SCORE.—Splendid edition, strongly bound. Price £10.

LES HUGUENOTS, Orchestral Parts (printed) £11.

FIDELIO, in Full Score, price £3.

DON JUAN, in Full Score, price £3.

ST. PAUL, in Full Score, price £5 5s.

MARCELLO'S PSALMS.—Fifty Salmi, with accompaniment by Mirecki—Twelve Parts in Four Vols. (an elegant, correct, and cheap edition, published under the direction of the celebrated Cherubini) price £6.

*. Orders from the country must be accompanied by a remittance.

LA VARSOVIANA, by HENRI LAURENT. The only authentic version of the music. Price 2s. Band parts 5s.

FENELLA VALSE, by TINNEY. Encored every evening. Price 3s. Band parts 5s.

YELLOW DWARF POLKA, on the melody danced by Mr. Robson in the celebrated Burlesque. Composed by Boumont. Illustrated with a portrait of Robson in character. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

ETHEL NEWCOME VALSE, by HENRI LAURENT, exquisitely illustrated in colours by Brandard, price 4s. Band parts 5s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

BOOSEY'S UNIVERSAL FLUTE PRECEPTOR, by Clinton. 6s. (cloth gilt). Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

BOOSEY'S UNIVERSAL CORNOPEAN TUTOR. Edited by S. Jones. 6s. (cloth gilt). In a few days. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

BOOSEY'S UNIVERSAL SINGING METHOD. Edited by J. Wass. 6s. cloth gilt. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA SONNAMBULA, for Flute Solo, by Clinton. 2s. 6d. complete. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA SONNAMBULA, for Concertina Solo, by Case. 4s. complete. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE.—A TE O CARA for the Pianoforte. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-st.

Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of 27, Notting Hill-square, in the parish of Kensington, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John-street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holywell-street; KEITH, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; G. SCHUEHMANN, 86, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-bury. Agents for Scotland, PATTERSON & SONS, Edinburgh; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin; and all Music-sellers.

Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's lane, in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, July 14, 1855.